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OCTOBER 12, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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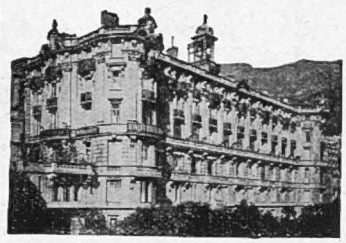

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The Bystander, October 12, 1932

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No. 1504. Vol. CXVI.

Bertram Park

THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID

A new portrait of the beautiful wife of Captain Cunningham-Reid, M.P. for North Paddington; she is the younger daughter of Lord Mount Temple. Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid have been down at Six Mile Bottom for partridge shooting, and Michael and Noel, their two small sons, were photographed there in their sun-bathing costumes

Michael and Noel

Above: At supper at the Royal and Ancient Ball at St. Andrews, which was held the day after the new Captain drove himself in: Miss Jill Henderson and Mr. William Spencer-Nairn

Above: The Earl of Lindsay the new Captain of the R. and A., at supper. On his right is the Hon. Mrs. J. Beaumont Pease, wife of the retiring Captain, Mr. Beaumont Pease, who is the Chairman of Lloyds Bank

Right, above: Miss Claudia Blackburn, younger daughter of Lady Constance Blackburn, and a niece of Lord Strathmore, with Mr. Henry Turcan, who is the Scottish Rugger XV. reserve

Right, below: Lady Margaret Illingworth, the Earl of Crawford's eldest daughter, and wife of Captain H. C. Illingworth, at supper with Colonel Crieff Skene, a former R. and A Captain

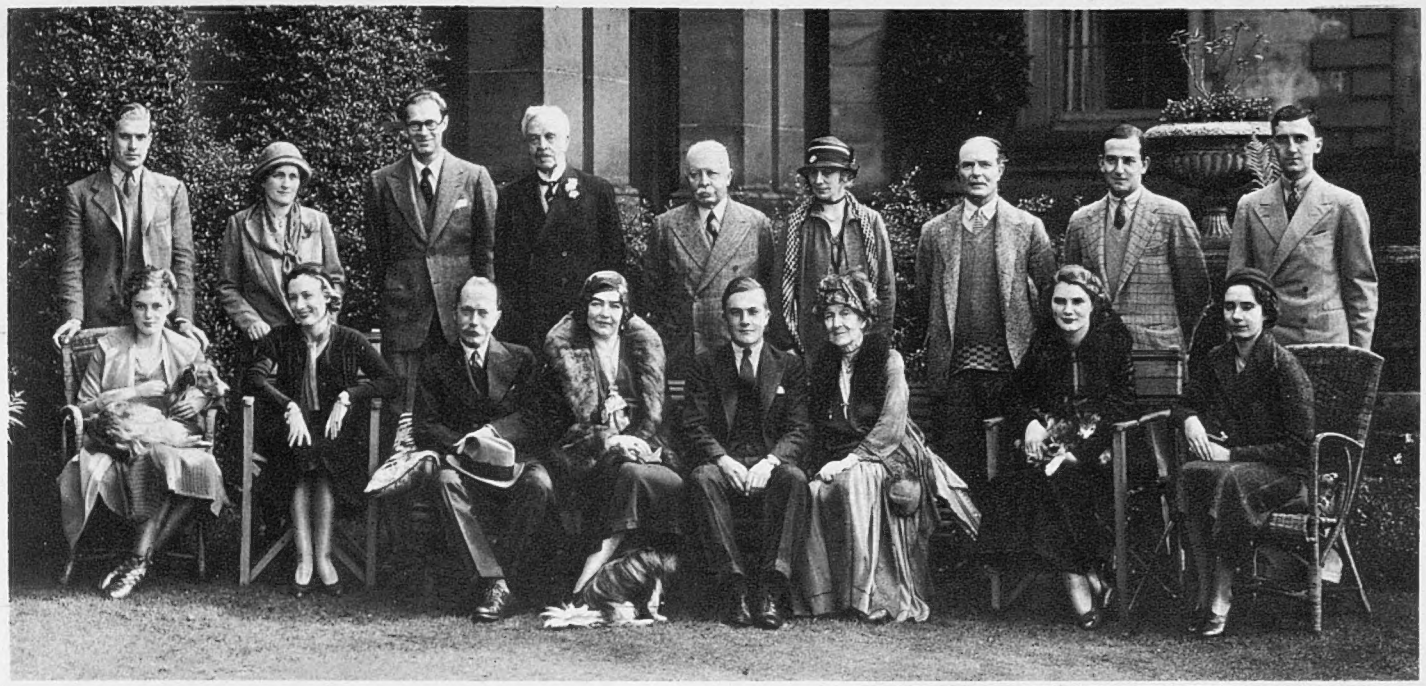
Below: Mr. Hew Lorimer, son of the late Sir Robert Lorimer, the famous Scottish architect, who designed, the War Memorial in Edinburgh Castle, sitting out with Miss Nemoni Balfour

Below: Miss Helen Skene, Colonel and Mrs. Crieff Skene's daughter, having supper: Colonel Skene's place is Pitlour House

"Royal and Ancient" Dancers

A Ball at St. Andrews After the Autumn Medal

Right: Miss Pamela Crossley, Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley's débutante daughter, photographed sitting out in the gallery



Whitlock, B'ham

Viscount Newport Comes of Age

At Weston Park, Shifnal, for the coming-of-age party of Viscount Newport, the Earl and Countess of Bradford's eldest son: Members of the house-party seen above are, l. to r., standing: Mr. N. Norman, Lady Florence Norman, Sir Robert Abdy, Lord Lamington, Viscount Bridgeman, Viscountess Bridgeman, Colonel L. D. Spencer, Mr. C. Shuttburgh, and Mr. Follett-Bell. Seated: Lady Joan Bridgeman, Lady Diana Abdy, the Earl of Bradford, the Countess of Bradford, Viscount Newport, the Dowager Countess of Bradford, Lady Anne Bridgeman, and the Hon. Sheila Berry

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

FRESH faces return every day to London. One of the latest is Michael Arlen's. He has not been well lately, and if you ask him what the matter has been, he will tell you that he has been suffering from "Pernicious Armenia," which I find rather witty. Meantime he has written a long new novel, for which he has not yet got a title. It is a new theme for him—an international novel of the near future.

"I AM tired of localisation," says Michael Arlen. "All writers seem to write exclusively about London, Paris, Surbiton, or New York. My canvas this time will be unusually broad." He then went on to speak of his twenty-months-old son. "He has a grand time," says his proud father. "He knows nothing about the gold standard or measles or income tax."

Miss Philippa Nash

Right: Miss Philippa Nash photographed with her most ingratiating French bulldog. She is the daughter of Major-General Sir Philip Nash, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Nash, and is one of the débutantes of this year

Resting Between Reels

Sitting out at the Angus County Ball, which was held at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire. Capt. Gordon Canning, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, M.V.O., M.C., the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, Mrs. David C. Lyell, and Capt. Archie Grant

MICHAEL ARLEN was at Quaglino's third birthday party with Lord Inverclyde, Miss Hilary Charles, and Miss Rose Bingham. The other night the latter was with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt at the Embassy. Ex-débutantes certainly get about nowadays. At Quaglino's, she and Miss Charles helped to cut the birthday-cake. Each of the guests had small birthday cakes, and Lady Poulett had an extra one, for it was her birthday also.

HER party was particularly large and variegated. There was her last year's débutante daughter, Lady Bridget, her son,

Miss Geraldine Sandbach, daughter of the late Major-Gen. A. E. Sandbach, and the Hon. Mrs. Sandbach, and Mr. G. L. Mackeson, Irish Guards, leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding. The bride is a cousin of Lord Penrhyn

Lord Poulett, Miss Teddie Gerrard, Miss Ruby Miller, and Miss Fayette Perry. At the next table was Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in remarkably good diamonds. She has written another book of memoirs to be called *Transatlantic Wife*, which comes out in the next few days. I did not think that her previous book received as much praise as it deserved. Perhaps this one will be luckier.

QUAGLINO is a very busy little man, and now he is going to be busier than ever. He was negotiating all last week with Lord Westmorland and the other directors of Ciro's to take it over in the near future. Ferraro will be under him, if things go right, and it will be made much more exclusive than before. Casani, the teacher of dancing, is also going to start a dance club.

AT the Embassy, the restaurant manager is now Andrew, the first maître d'hôtel of that name in Mayfair. He was under Peter and Luigi back in the old days at Romano's, and so his elevation is well merited. At the Embassy there was a large party with Lord and Lady Jersey. Lord Jersey was looking rather thin as he danced with Miss Nancy Beaton. Cecil Beaton danced in his usual remarkable manner. Mrs. Bendir was in a gown from last week's Molyneux's collection—pretty quick work. Oh, yes, and Jackson, the cat, had returned.

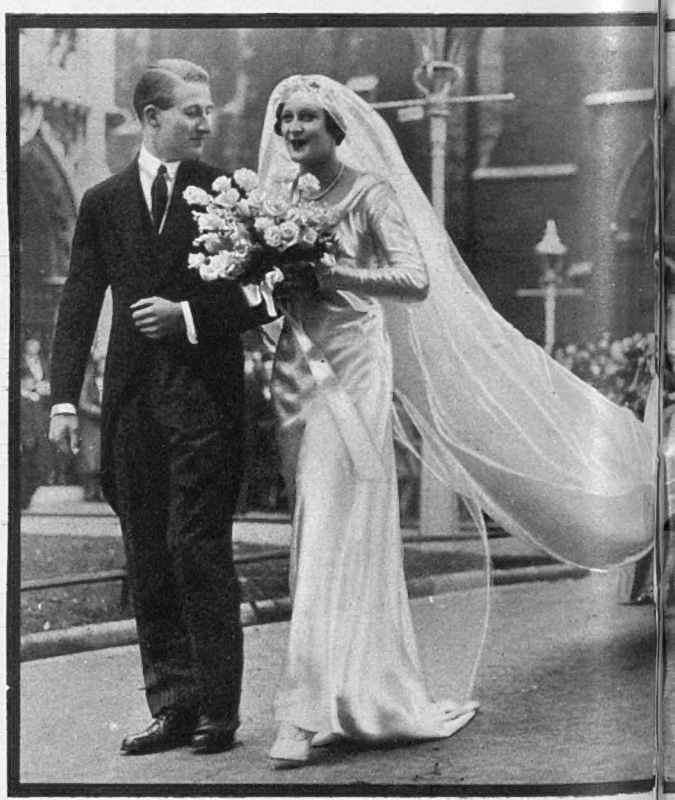
THE Malmaison has reopened in an entirely new shape, with red, white, and blue decorations. Sovrani says the breakages

A Present from Belfast

Right: Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava and the Lord Mayor of Belfast inspecting the gift of Irish linen presented to them by the citizens of Belfast. Clandboye, Lord Dufferin's seat, is in County Down, and his family have always had many connections with Belfast and Ulster

Lord Erskine's Daughter Married

The Hon. Victoria Erskine and Wing-Commander H. A. Hewart, son of the late Mr. Richard Hewart and Mrs. Hewart, of Edinburgh, took place last week, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Miss Erskine is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Erskine. She had four small bridesmaids and two pages



Lord and Lady O'Neill leaving St. Margaret's

Planning "The Ball of the Season"

Above: Mrs. Frank D'Arcy, Lady St. John of Bletso, the Countess of Radnor and Baroness Wrinckler, photographed at a committee meeting at Lady Dalrymple-Champney's house in connection with the dance to be held in aid of the Isle of Dogs Housing Society

Below: The most important wedding of last week was that of Lord O'Neill and Miss Anne Charteris, daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Eyeshades Are—

The Hon. Phyllis Bethell, Lord Bethell's youngest daughter, Captain Circut and Mrs. McAlpine leaving Nash's Club after lunching there

of china in a smart restaurant total twenty pounds a week. Lady Furness was there, but not in the chinchilla cape she wore at Quaglino's the previous evening, when she was laughing at the recollection of Noel Coward's take-off of the Midnight Matinée.

Church, Westminster

CAPTAIN TATTERSALL was back from his honeymoon and hard at work again. A dragoman or so also made an appearance. Earlier in the evening I had seen Miss Jeanne Stourton, who now works in the perfumery department at Selfridge's, and has to be there at 8.30 each morning. That day, to her horror, on arriving at 8.40, she found herself entering with Mr. Selfridge. "You are ten minutes late," he said, with mock severity. "Yes, we are, aren't we?" said Miss Stourton in confusion. But the prettiest girl of all at Malmaison was that blonde model-girl from Hartnell's.

WHO else have I seen? Well, there was the peripatetic and dashing Duke of Leinster in Piccadilly, and Prince Milo of Montenegro (the Pretender to that rocky little kingdom), in Holland Park, and General Trotter, as debonair as ever, and Lady Queensberry at the New Gallery, and Mr. Max Aitken and his very lovely aunt, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, in Bury Street—I saw her later at a dress show.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in Bond Street, Ralph Cobbold in Pall Mall, Sir Hugh Smiley dancing rather sadly, and Lord D'Abernon in Gloucester Place (he has taken a lovely old house in St. James's Place now that he has sold his estate at Esher)—and Miss Tracy Simpson collecting her trousseau for her marriage to Mr. Werner at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on Friday (they go to Capri for their honeymoon)—all of these I saw last week in London.

PEOPLE back from Scotland say that the grouse were definitely not up to scratch this year, but the weather at least was glorious. Pheasant shooting, of course, is not yet in full swing, and, in any case, few people can afford to rear pheasants as they did in the boom year of 1929. A bag of a thousand was considered fairly average four years ago. To-day it is very much the exception.

THE wedding of the week was undoubtedly that of Lord O'Neill and Miss Anne Charteris at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridesmaids included Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore, Lady Isobel and Lady Ursula Manners. The pages, who were Jeremy Benson and Colin Dodd, wore rose-red velvet tunics, and made me think of their counterparts in *Wedding Rehearsal*. The reception was held at Lord and Lady Plymouth's in Hyde Park Gardens.

—So Fashionable!

At the Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases, and prepared for the worst of weather: Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Geoffrey Pease, and Lady Blanche Scott Douglas. Another eyeshade is here seen

THE wedding of Miss Victoria Erskine was another of the big matrimonial events of the week. Her brother is a cavalryman, and was at school at Charterhouse. Miss Erskine's bridegroom was Wing-Commander Hewart, and she had also chosen velvet for her bridesmaids. She, too, had a couple of pages for the wedding, which was at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

IN conclusion, I would like to collect all the mannequins of Mayfair together and talk to them like a father. I dare say they think they are overworked and underpaid, but that is not a good enough excuse for modelling in such an inefficient and lackadaisical manner. I was taken to one of the most famous dress houses in London. The mannequins were quite lovely, and so were the clothes they wore. But, my word, how they wore them!

(*Continued on page* i)

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

Left: Lady Veronica Hornby and her brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Hornby, at Quaglino's last week, when there was a gala supper to celebrate the third anniversary of the restaurant. More pictures on page 66

At a Birthday Party

THE ever-vivacious Rosie Dolly now Mrs. Irving Netcher, has been here and there and everywhere this past week. She is much thinner and, to my mind, smarter than her sister Jenny. The latter has quite fantastic jewellery—a diamond the size of a half-crown, and pearls like pigeon's eggs.

HOW sweet Lady Belper looks—and that is the right adjective. Our Press so often uses a wrong one. Lady Delamere is striking; Lady Zia Wernher is charming; Lady Malcolm is handsome; Lady Howe is beautiful.

WHITE skins, red mouths, glinting teeth, dark, mysterious eyes, music, laughter, and song—that 's not a Noel Coward revue, but what I felt like after a Hooch-tail. Intriguingly purple, they were introduced to London at a Pam's dress show. Oh, boy, how those dresses looked!

LADY MELCHETT is one of the much-written-up people over whom there is much controversy. One either admires her unusual looks enormously or not at all. She is one of the few women who do not darken their eyelashes, and she never affects rouge.

THIS is an age of speed, and we are used to initials. H. G. and G. B. S., of course, need no explanations, and a deb said to me last week, "Meet you at F. and M.'s," meaning Fortnum and Mason's. But Winifred Raphael takes the prize. She calls her new shop, "Mets," which means "Modern English Traditional Style." Swallow that one and cough!

DO you think high shoulders are attractive? Miss Bunting Stephenson has very broad and high ones, and so has Miss Isabel Jeans. Lady Vernon, on the contrary, has those much-envied in Victorian times—bottle shoulders. Mrs. Julie Thompson has very beautiful shoulders, and carries herself well and gracefully.

Arguing with Flowers

Somebody started an argument about how a florist's window should be decorated, and Miss Margaret Whigham proved her point by dressing the window of Selfridge's flower-shop recently

Another theorist on the art of floral window-dressing puts her ideas into practice: Lady Hindlip enforcing her argument by choosing the material for her set-piece

FASCINATING Gertrude Lawrence.
Cute Anita Prinsep.
Captivating Mrs. Babe Barnato.
Bewitching Elizabeth Allan.
Attractive Mrs. Derek Murphy.
Enchanting Mrs. Roland Cubitt.
That would be my idea of a party—and how!

IS it true that a certain somewhat gay husband was locked out last week and had to spend a shame-faced night at his club?

A WELL-KNOWN hunting county are getting "fed up" with a lady who has money, and her continual reference to it.

SURELY it is untrue that a young and much-talked-about who is on the divorce list, has been cut by her once dearest friend, who has, by all accounts, no right to throw stones.

THIS is the time of year when good shots come into their own. There is, of course, Ivor Cobbold, famous among the younger men. Sir Ian Walker is also in the youthful first class, and his friend, Mr. "Barty" Clowes is good. Sir Henry Birkin is another top-notcher.

CLOTHES, clothes, clothes—that 's what all the women are debating and troubling about. I like the way Lady Furness dresses—it is simple, smart, and yet often original. Mrs. Cecil Pim has a great reputation for clothes, but I don't like her hats, as a rule.

IS the dark, handsome young man adapting the old proverb: "Engaged in haste, repent at—" etc?

I LIKE—
Mr. Terry Weldon's gaiety.
The Begum Aga Khan's beauty.
Lord Brecknock's laugh.
Princess Helen's happiness.

I DON'T like
Sir Victor Warrender's aloofness
Miss Betty Rumbold's béret
Miss Dorothy Hyson's much lighter front to her hair.
Mrs. Stobart in false eyelashes.

LORD MAR AND KELLIE wears the neatest kilt I know. The cut is superb. Mr. Maclean in the Cameron Highlanders has a reputation for "chic" in the North; so has Mr. Donald Cameron of Lochiel.

Chariteers at the Malmaison

In Aid of the Fresh Air Fund

Below: The Marquesa Malacrida and Mrs. E. C. Morgan. The Marquese Malacrida designed the décor of the Blue Train, the Malmaison Grill

Mr. Kingsley Scott gave a party for the Fresh Air Fund Dinner Dance to celebrate his engagement to Miss Beatrice Ridley; the group includes Sir George and Lady Duckworth King, Mrs. Sperway, Captain and Mrs. Barsfield, Colonel Fiennes Blake, Mrs. McLachlan, Mr. James Franklin, the U.S.A. Senator; and Mr. Richard Cholmondley. This Charity Dinner Dance was a great success

Left: Lady Selsdon and her son, the Hon. Patrick Mitchell Thomson. Lord Selsdon was Sir William Mitchell Thomson, the well-known M.P.

Above: Two stars of the tennis world: Señora Bella Pons, the Spanish champion, and Mr. Nigel Sharpe were with Mr. and Mrs. Furniss

Lord Poulett, Mrs. Dowd, Miss Ruby Miller, Lady Poulett, Mr. Louis Miller, Lady Bridget Poulett, and Mr. Gerald Pring were in another party. The Dinner Dance was organised by Miss Nell St. John Montague

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Mr. Leslie Henson. The latter took the part of an auctioneer in the amusing cabaret which he and Mr. Douglas Byng organised

Photos by Sasha

"The Bystander's"

Ladies' Autumn FOURSOMES

at Ranelagh and Roehampton

Chapter 1

by Eleanor E. Helme

In trying to mix this game with tennis at the 18th, Miss Pauline Doran and her partner, Miss Beryl Pockett, put themselves out

The weather was lovely, so that Autumn Foursomes seemed almost a misnomer, at least, if you were waiting in the tent beside the first tee, though reports wafted back of chilly breezes sweeping across the polo grounds and whirling somebody's ball out amongst the 'buses on the Barnes road. Greens were more beautiful than they had been for years, fairways kinder; only bandstands, ponds, and rare birds continued to charm shots away from them.

DEAR BYSTANDER,

YOU have asked me for the first chapter of your Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton, to be continued in our next. But I feel at a horrible disadvantage compared with the lucky writer of thrillers, or even dramas. He can draw up a synopsis beforehand, and knows precisely those who are his heroines, and those who are his villains. I am comparatively in the dark.

YOU see, if I had been making out my dramatis personæ, I should have put Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, with a chorus of French, Swedish, and American visitors. But here we are, half-way through, and the four chief heroines have all been murdered before ever we have reached the final chapter, and the chorus of Distinguished Visitors has whittled down to two, who, I rather fancy, are going to usurp the place of Chief Heroines. That is to say, if Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, with Mrs. Percy as aider and abettor, does not take up that rôle.

DON'T run away with the idea that the decease of the tigers has been in the least depressing, or that your Foursomes have been one whit less of a cheerful party than ever *Eve's* were. One sheds a tear or two, of course, when a great one falls, but not enough to swell the Beverley Brook: nobody wants any extra water about at Ranelagh now, as the penalty has been increased to stroke and distance for every visit.

And since the long handicaps were popping round in the lowest of seventies, just as much as back-markers could do, there seemed no real reason to lament over anybody. Nevertheless, the temperature did seem to drop perceptibly several degrees as each champion, past or present, went down.

Showing young lady addressing her ball umpteen years ago at Ranelagh, and modern young lady addressing the ball at Ranelagh in the present year of grace—not quite so graceful

ROEHAMPTON

Photographs of some of the Roehampton competitors will be found on page I.

Next Week

Miss Helme continues her comments on the play at Ranelagh and Roehampton, accompanied by more photographs from both courses—and further ribald sketches by H. H. Harris.

EXCITEMENTS on the first day began when Miss Aline de Gunzbourg Girls' Championship runner-up, holed a five-yard putt to save herself and Miss Grace Amory from defeat by Miss Mary Beard and her mother. There was also a chip dead at the 20th, and so the Franco-American pair went on into the next round. A few minutes later, on went Mrs. Parry and Miss Hardie, who won the Roehampton Autumn Foursomes last year, and had come in to Ranelagh, in consequence, at the expense of several strokes. They really played marvellously, for they only had six strokes from Miss Winn and Miss Corlett, and those two mighty ones were round in 70, yet it was Mrs. Parry and Miss Hardie who got their three at the 19th to win there.

Even nineteen holes were nothing like enough for Mrs. Provan and Miss Dix-Perkin, who battled for three and twenty before they beat Mrs. Clive Matthews and Miss M. Cancellor. Mrs. Ayscough and Mrs. Crane had never been up until they won at the 20th from Mrs. Norman and Mrs. Huggins, and the

Round t

Some English an

Mme. A. M. Vagliano and the Duchesse and Miss H. Browne and Miss I. Doxfor Chislehurst respectively. The foreign hop

Starter's Tent at Ranelagh

Miss E. E. Helme, Mistress of the Ceremonies. Seated: Miss Jessie Firth, Miss Diana Esmond and Miss A. de Gunzbourg, three of the competitors

Right: Miss Williamson, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Crosthwaite, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Regnart waiting

Waiting on the Green

Wethered's side failed to get down there in two putts in order to carry on. Hinc illæ lacrymæ. Miss Leitch and Miss Esmond had their adventures, too, at the last hole, but they emerged successfully from the road and the trees. It was the next morning that they met their Waterloo, Miss Jessie Firth and Miss Joan Neilson giving them as few chances as Miss Morgan and Miss Fowle did to the holders, Miss White and Miss Baird.

South Wales pair, Mrs. Southwood Jones and Mrs. Rees, had to go to the 20th, too, for their win from Miss Newell and Miss Peech.

Miss Wethered and Miss Chambers ought to have joined the happy band of pilgrims to the 19th or farther, but at the 18th Mrs. Crombie and Mrs. Johnston's drive bounced back off a spectator, and Miss Gourlay and Miss Bastin did not survive the second morning, for Miss Timberg and Mrs. Dicker, receiving five strokes, took sixteen holes in 62 and so, not surprisingly, won 2 and 1. Miss Morgan and Miss Fowle departed, too, at the 17th, after some sterling good golf from Mrs. Cecil Burns and Mrs. Ricardo. Only Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, of British International players, saw the second day through.

The crowd were very sorry to lose their favourites so early in the competition. Miss Mollie Gourlay and Miss Cecil Leitch seen above. Miss Joyce Wethered is below

Foreign Competitors

Mouchy, whose club is Chantilly, France, who hail from Royal Mid-Surrey and were dashed by no less than 6 and 5 to play

Lady Eddis

caught in the act of driving

At Roehampton things were just as kaleidoscopic. Miss Dobson and Miss Boosey played splendidly, and, at the moment of writing, are looked on as the big noise, but at this meeting you never can tell, for there are Miss Haynes Hutchinson and Mrs. Wyatt lurking close to them, and since the downfall of Miss N. E. Coote and Mrs. Kellar Frost, Mrs. Medrington and Mrs. Liebert, who shall dare to say that one couple is better than another at Roehampton any more than at Ranelagh?

They seem to be just as happy and cheerful at the one place as the other, and I must tear myself away from Ranelagh for part of the day to see what is happening on the other side of Barnes Common. Never have I wished so heartily that I could be in two places at the same time. Barnes and Ranelagh are close together, but seem as the poles asunder.

Chapter II. will have plenty more news for you.

Till then, yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

Many Happy Returns

Quaglino's Birthday Celebrations

Left : Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe and his party at the gala supper party with which "Quag's" celebrated its third anniversary : Mrs. Chalmers, Colonel Norbury, Miss Billie Schofield, the host, Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, Mrs. P. Norbury, Miss R. Barnet, and Mr. Chalmers

Supping En Gala

Another celebrating party, something of a family affair, including Miss Sylva de Oliviera, Mr. Charles German-Ribon, Miss Jeanne Stourton, Mr. John German-Ribon, Mr. John de Laszlo, Miss Eleanor and Mr. Philip German-Ribon

Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mrs. Thomas were two more at the gala supper at Quaglino's Birthday party last week

A Birthday Cake for Two

Above : Commander Geoffrey Rodd and his fiancée, Miss Peggy Joyce, and their cake ; one of these was presented to every party, complete with three lighted candles. These will be dispensed with on Jubilee night !

Left : Lord Inverclyde, with Miss Hilary Charles and Miss Rose Bingham, who did the honours of the huge birthday-cake which was brought on to the dance floor

Photos by L.N.A.

A Racing Reverie

Newmarket—And How!

By "Regular"

Irish Racing: Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Lady Weldon in the enclosure at Phœnix Park, Dublin

English Racing: Mr. Filmer-Sankey, M.F.H., and Mrs. James Seely, who was Miss Vera Birkin, at Nottingham last week

THERE 'S no place like Newmarket. By commencing like this I am sure to please everyone. Those who in a previous incarnation were undoubtedly horses, will fairly neigh with delight: "No place like Newmarket—that fellow Regular knows what he 's talking about!"—while the ones who don't know which end a horse kicks with, and regard the noble animal as a species of roulette wheel, will murmur a prayer of thankfulness, thinking one is quite enough.

WE are, therefore, all agreed that Newmarket is unique, and as I stood on the windswept Heath, admiring the architecture of the stand and electric "Tote" board, which an ever benevolent Jockey Club has provided us with, I fell to pondering on the unrivalled attractions of this the most famous course in the world.

WHERE, save at Newmarket, could they run a famous race over two and a-quarter miles, and contrive that the public should see only the last quarter of a mile?

WHERE, after a dead-heat and one of the dead-heaters objects to the other, would the public stand for not being told what it was all about? Canon Law objected to Gino, but the unfortunate public, who pay the piper and are, therefore, entitled to some sort of tune, were merely told there had been an objection.

AFTER Newmarket, I crossed over to Paris, and at Maisons-Laffitte, identically the same thing happened; but a notice appeared immediately, giving the full details of the objection.

I AM well aware that the very suggestion that those "damn foreigners" can do anything better than we can, will result in a number of elderly gentlemen who are looking forward to another war, although they will be too old to take part in it, being seized with the most acute form of apoplexy.

WHERE, save on Newmarket Heath, could one witness the spectacle of a well-known trainer's horses completing the thousandth mile of their Cesarewitch preparation?

WHERE, oh, where else could one hear the silvery-toned voice of Mrs. Clayton, as it comes wafted up the Rowley Mile, telling her less well-informed friends all about it, and why it should be done?

WHERE else could one witness a number of apparently sane people worshipping at the feet of that lady's son, looking upon him as a sort of oracle simply because he has had a few good weeks?

WHERE else could one hear Lord Carnarvon's unbiased opinion of Hill Cat, which proved such sweet music in the ear of Mr. Sidney Beer?

WHERE else are there so many horses who have never won a race and never will win a race, and so many men who could never earn a living anywhere else?

WHERE else would the public stand for some of the races finishing half a mile away? Why not go a step further, and start the Cesarewitch in front of the stands and finish at Choke Jade?

WHERE else, other than on the Limekilns, are so many trials won, and races lost?

WHERE else, save in the paddock at Newmarket, can one hear what one imagines to be the rattle of machine-gun fire, and find it to be only Sir John Jardine telling a story?

WHERE else are the men such friends, and the women such enemies?

IF by this time I have not convinced you of the unrivalled attractions of "Turf Headquarters," I am afraid you must be very hard to please, and I will now talk a little of those I met availing themselves of this orgy of fun and frolic.

LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP, in red (rather like "Porchy's" racing colours), was the brightest spectacle. She does get a move on when she hears something 's "much expected," and could give a lot of us, with much longer legs, a start and a beating in a race from the paddock to Jim Santry and Scott Fry.

I NOTICED Lady Chesham, always very knowledgable and professional, in earnest conversation with Mrs. George Lambton, suddenly lengthen her stride in the direction of the rails. I hope the good thing duly obliged.

THAT pensive punter, Captain "Cardy" Montague, on the other hand, never hurries, which is just as well for the rest of us, as a collision with the Captain doing a steady ten miles an hour, might prove fatal to those of us built on less generous lines.

THAT fount of knowledge, the Hon. Arthur Portman, had a very determined look in his eye which boded ill for someone, as had Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, whom I bracket with Lady Chesham, Mrs. Vandy Beatty, Mrs. Lambton, and Miss Wilmot, as one of the most astute ladies connected with the Turf.

A STUDY of the Regulars at their work, is one of absorbing interest, and is one to which I am going to devote myself in the hope that we may glean someinkling as to why and when they beat the book—AND HOW!

D

At the Theatre

Queer Harmonies in a "Strange Orchestra"

Caricatures by
H. H. HARRIS

Tchekov in Chelsea

Left to right: George (David Hutcheson), Freda (Nadine March), Vera Lyndon (Laurie Cowie), Val (Robert Harris), Esther Lyndon (Mary Casson). Hurrying upstairs is Jenny Lyndon (Jean Forbes-Robertson)

"Strange Orchestra," at the St. Martin's

THIS is one of those plays which simply cannot be niggled over. It must either leave you lukewarm and unsatisfied—it probably will if you start picking precise holes in the fabric—or send you away from the St. Martin's with that warm glow which steals over the intelligence and stimulates the imagination.

The precisionites will pounce at once on the story. It is vague and thin, having neither beginning nor end. One is just plunged hot-foot into a hive of high-brows and invited to observe them one by one under the microscope. What happens to this couple or that couple in the end one does not know, because there is no end in the accepted sense of an orderly narrative.

The correct frame of mind for Rodney Ackland's Russianised word-picture is that of a Gulliver lifting the roof from some boarding-house in the artistic quarter of Lilliput, taking a good look at the inmates, and passing on. The absorbing study of crowd-watching is made, not marred, by glimpses fleeting and half-defined. Snatches of talk, momentary flashes of character—there is no time for more. The good guesser must guess quickly, filling in the blanks from the liveliest store imagination commands.

THE picture of Vera Lyndon's ménage in Chelsea is photographic, but the tempo is slow-motion, and all the characters rapidly turn themselves inside out for your inspection. They are a motley crew, capable of holding their own with Margaret Kennedy's Sanger Circus and containing one Nymph no whit less constant than Tessa. Vera herself, with her red hair and black pyjamas, her "vibrations" and "divine" parties, hovering vaguely between slavery in the kitchen and an uneasy repose on the hall divan, is the embodied spirit of Sangerdom let loose. Laura Cowie's translation of herself into this frowsy, orchidaceous goddess of Bohemia is immense. Her recumbent misgivings give an atmosphere, a legendary presence, a complete aura to the play's pivotal personage.

Esther Lyndon (Mary Casson) makes a big hit not appreciated by George (David Hutcheson)

Vera and her couch are both background and foreground. There is no escape from either; so much so that Jenny, Vera's elder daughter, and Peter, the artist whom she meets at a party and brings home as a lodger, are forced to make love within a few yards of both, thereby crediting Vera with positively uncanny powers of quickness in falling safely asleep.

PETER is no artist, but a mere thief who seduces first and then runs away with the swag. Jenny, all innocence in love, makes things easy by at once offering him the freedom of her bedroom. But moralists must be lenient on that score, for at any moment she is expecting to go blind. Her love for Peter (over whose base composition Hugh Williams skilfully draws a veil of charm and uneasy regret) is her big chance to drain life's cup of beauty and knowledge before the light fails.

Jenny goes blind at a party (off-stage) to celebrate the wedding of Jimmie and Laura, two more lodgers, whose besetting bogey is born of a surfeit of happiness. Deciding that such bliss is too poignant to last, these two young fearfuls compound a joint bed-suicide in a gas-filled room. Fortunately, Vera intervenes in time. The would-be-deads are made "divinely sick" first, and speedily restored to life thereafter. Leslie French and Carol Rees give sensitive and sympathetic renderings of the culprits, whose neurotic forebodings seem oddly inconsistent with modern youth. But anything might happen chez Vera!

Vera Lyndon (Laura Cowie), a landlady, for some reason or other, sleeps in the hall of her boarding-house. She closes one eye when Peter (Hugh Williams), a "good-looker," steals her daughter's (Jean Forbes-Robertson) honour—

Shows of the Moment

Adelphi. "Words and Music."—Both by Noel Coward.

Criterion. "Musical Chairs."—Still the best comedy in London.

Gaiety. "Party."—A very jolly one.

Hippodrome. "The Merry Widow."—Merrier than ever.

New. "Too True to be Good."—Going—going—

Queen's. "Evensong."—A study in artistic temperament.

Saville. "Tell Her The Truth."—And that is, there's a topping tune in it.

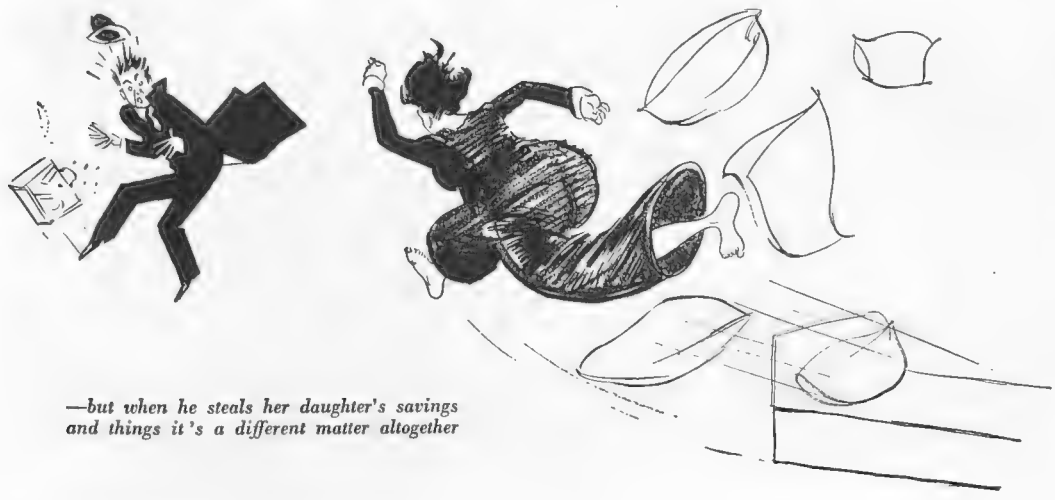
Shaftesbury. "Orders Are Orders."—These can be laughed at.

BLINDNESS is a two-edged sword in a dramatist's hand; a doubtful weapon which violates the code of pity. Jenny's gives us some uncomfortable moments, but, mercifully, our feelings are not too deeply harrowed. We owe this dispensation to Jean Forbes-Robertson's uncanny power of robing her physical and spiritual self in an ethereal shroud of virginal remoteness. Jenny with two eyes is a gentle spirit disembodied from the gross mould of earth; Jenny with none still thrills in secret to a world of fey. Miss Forbes-Robertson, being in her element, gives of her best, a known quantity needing no embellishment.

The other instrumentalists in the Lyndon orchestra play the liveliest of contrasted solos. There is the one low-brow, George, with his megaphone voice, fatuous heartiness and non-stop ukulele—an instrument which David Hutcheson "jazzes" so well that musical comedy may soon claim a discovery in "silly ass" comedians who are genuinely amusing. Then we have Robert Harris's fastidiously drawn picture of a morosely introspective young novelist; Mary Casson's ultra-simple young militant with an anti-cruelty complex; Nadine March's portrait in acid of Freda, shrew, film-actress, and malcontent; Clifford Bartlett's praiseworthy effort to strike a balance between a level-headed young publisher at work and in love; and Elizabeth Astor's "smart set" vacuities as the surprisingly unlikely object of his swiftly won affections.

If the ear can catch a themodic strain running through this strange and vastly entertaining orchestra, it is surely in Vera's philosophy that to live you must suffer, and, having suffered and survived, nothing can hurt you—nothing. Which is a pretty sound motif for any play, however elusive it may be in form and feeling. John Gielgud's work as producer takes its proper place with Mr. Ackland's very real and vital achievement.

TRINCULO.



—but when he steals her daughter's savings and things it's a different matter altogether

The Opening Game at Headquarters

A jump for the ball at a line-out when the Harlequins beat London Scottish by a dropped goal, (four points) to nil

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Variety in Tactics

It is customary to say that a game of Rugby football is spoilt by rain, which is generally nonsense. We fall too easily into such blunders, speaking as spectators, and forgetting the glorious mud-fights of our youth. Perhaps rain does take the edge off play behind the scrummage, but it does not spoil the game; it emphasises, rather, the value of foot-work and ball-control and rush-stopping and wheeling. For myself, I like a soaking afternoon, with the forwards getting down to it, and the ball heavy with mud, and players slithering into tackles and emerging from them blackly unrecognisable. It was almost such an afternoon when the Harlequins played the London Scottish at Twickenham a few days back, but the turf was too green and decorous to be really satisfactory. It was, indeed, merely slippery, which was tiresome, though it gave opportunities to the adaptable man who followed hard and used his feet and harried the ball with all his might.

Twickenham, however, is properly drained. It may be wet, but it is never muddy. It does not become a jolly sort of quagmire like certain grounds at Oxford, nor does the thick slime freeze upon you, as it occasionally does at Portsmouth. A dignified field is Twickenham, and lovely to look upon, though perfection has its limitations.

And what is all this leading up to, you may ask. Well, I have in mind a mild attack upon fair-weather Rugby football, for I think it would do no harm if the rain poured down Saturday after Saturday during the coming season. Possibly this would be a drastic method of reviving the general arts of forward play and pruning down the frills and fripperies of tactics behind the scrummage, but it would be grand to see wheeling and dribbling come into their own again. We should, in fact, be forced to think in elementary terms about the game, and what more necessary discipline could be thrust upon us?

I realised the importance of this the other evening, after a talk to members of a local Rugby club. When the time for questions came, the first two posers put to me concerned the relative merits of the New Zealand and English scrummage formations, and the value of the All Blacks five-eighths in attack. Now these were difficult questions to answer, for they presupposed a pretty extensive knowledge of Rugby theory. Were they, I wondered, the kind of problems which should have been bothering members of a team which is not yet first-class? We do try in these days to run before we can walk, and that is why it seems to me that an uncomfortably wet winter might help to bring us to our senses.

Putting aside these odd fancies for a moment, the Harlequins appear to have the nucleus of a particularly fine side this season. Their forwards are huge—the pack must average something near fourteen stone a man—and their backs have both speed and intelligence. On a dry day, G. J. Dean and J. R. Cole are a brilliant pair of half-backs; J. D. B. Chapman and J. A. Baiss have thrust and resource in the centre; J. C. Gibbs and P. Hodge give speed to the wings, and S. A. Block shapes like an International full-back. Here, indeed, is first-rate material, if only it can be welded into a team. The trouble is that the big London clubs can rarely collect their members for mid-week training, and this is where provincial teams have the pull. The contrast between Metropolitan and provincial Rugby football is significant: in London there is more pace and individual brilliance, but elsewhere the virtues of fitness and combination make themselves felt. A game at Leicester or Bristol, let us say, is a revelation to the Londoner, as those who travel hopefully to the Midlands, the West Country or Wales will agree. They will probably agree also that the famous Mr. Chadband might have been addressing them when he said to Mr. Snagsby: "You shall fall, you shall be bruised, you shall be battered, you shall be flawed, you shall be smashed."

I imagine, incidentally, that most of the provincial clubs will be as formidable as ever, with Leicester, Bristol, Gloucester, and Northampton well to the fore. Bath also have made a brave beginning, though they were lucky to beat the Devonport Services by a dropped goal and a penalty goal to a couple of tries.

This raises the old problem of the value of the dropped goal again. To my mind, Bath did not deserve to win this particular match. They had two tries scored against them, but they could not themselves pierce their opponents' defence, and yet the extra point for a dropped goal just gave them the victory. There does not appear to be any valid reason why a dropped goal should be worth more than a try, and there is nothing more tantalising than to cling desperately to a three-point lead, only to be beaten by a fellow who mocks the most heroic of defenders by sending the ball flying over their heads. In my opinion, a dropped goal should be worth three points, and that is more than it deserves, for very rarely is it the outcome of deliberate team-work.

Arthur Owen

Shooting in Perthshire

Viscount Wimborne and his party at Drumour, the shoot he has taken in Perthshire: The Hon. Reggie Fellowes, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Lord and Lady Wimborne, the Hon. Cynthia Guest, Mr. Gilbert Hay and Captain Cunningham-Reid, M.P.

Lady Northey and Arthur Nightingale, the veteran steeplechase rider, at the Mid-Surrey Drag Hunter and Hound Trials, near Epsom, where Lady Northey presented the prizes. Arthur Nightingale rode no less than fifteen times in the Grand National

Open-Air Events

The Camera Goes Round and About

At the Perth Hunt races: Major Herman Hodge, with Miss Cynthia Starkie and the Hon. Henry Dewar, the late Lord Forteviot's younger son, whose engagement was recently announced

Above: Competitors in the Ladies' Open Class at Highfield Farm, Epsom, where the Mid-Surrey Drag trials were held: Lady Stanier and her hunter, Silver Mist

Left: Miss Rosemary Mitford and Lady Helen Brocklehurst photographed just before Miss Mitford left for Malta, where she is to be married to Lieutenant R. J. Bailey, R.N., who is in H.M.S. Revenge

"The Whole Story" of the WALKER CUP

A Constructive Analysis of Defeat — and After

By F. G. L. Fairlie

I HAVE consistently stated that I would make no comments on the Walker Cup Match until the players had returned and were able to reply to any criticisms which I might make. I am not prepared to argue at the moment whether or no the publicity given to all games nowadays is, in the words of a classical history, a good thing or not, but the fact remains that those who represented us at Brookline were under the searchlight of the English-written Press, both American and British, not only before the actual date of the match, but also after it. So many irresponsible criticisms have been made about this particular Match—and the very best-class journals in both countries are equally to blame—that I am inclined to think that this tremendous publicity is a bad thing. Critics have seemed to rush into print with no data, a red-hot hand and a white-hot pen, and very little knowledge of their subject; and they have done this at a time when their victims were quite unable to retaliate. The censure here seems to me to be deserved by the critics themselves, and not by their victims.

The attitude which I feel is the only fair one to adopt is that the Walker Cup Match of 1932 is now a matter of history, and that it is up to us to analyse its results and attempt to benefit from our defeat. I cannot see that it is any manner of use criticising the players who represented us in this year's Match. They all did their best. From conversations which I have had with them, I am convinced that they are all very conscious of their inadequacy, and I am quite sure that no one regrets their defeat more than they do themselves. It is very noticeable, too, when conversing on the subject with them, that they do not make any excuses. They definitely state that they were fit and well (as far as one can be fit and well under thunder clouds and a damp heat, with the thermometer at over one hundred degrees); that they were all wonderfully good friends together, and that the team spirit could not have been better.

THEY were, in all respects, a happy party under Tony Torrance, and he deserves a great deal of credit for this fact.

Hay Wrightson

J. T. Bookless, the Scottish golfer, who represented Great Britain in the Walker Cup Golf Match

Left: L. G. Crawley (Great Britain); Centre: Gus Moreland (U.S.A.); and, Right: Rex Hartley (Great Britain)

It is by no means easy to captain a side of men who may not know each other terribly well, and who go out to a strange and excitable climate and must perforce live together for some weeks before the event. But Torrance has come out of the ordeal with flying colours, even if the result of the match, from the international point of view, was a failure. The individual members of our side continue, moreover, to emphasise the fact that in the Brookline Country Club they had the most charming of hosts, who did all that they could to make them utterly happy and at home. Lister Hartley goes so far as to say that they had almost everything in their favour excepting for the heat.

THERE is another curious thing about the match, and I say "curious" advisedly, for I doubt whether anyone on this side can possibly have appreciated it. It is definitely said that

Left: U.S.A. Walker Cup Team: George Voigt, G. T. Dunlap, junr., H. R. Johnston, Maurice J. McCarthy junr., Billy Howell, Gus Moreland, Charles Seaver, Jesse Sweetser, Don Moe, Francis Ouimet, and Jack Westland

The American Walker Cup Team

the British side started favourites for the Match—and my authority is not merely information received from those who were over there at the time and actually members of the side, but also cuttings from the American Press that I have seen. It is a noticeable fact that the individual members of our side were playing better golf than their American opponents up to the day of the Match: their scores were better, and I am told that they looked to be the better players at the moment. Now this does strike me personally as being almost unbelievable—and yet the fact remains. My reason for making this somewhat outspoken remark lies in the variety of styles of our own men, some of which are indisputably unsound. The Americans, on the other hand, with their almost universal method of hitting the ball, I should have thought must have looked better, even though the shots actually were not coming off. However, I am giving you not only what I have been told, but what I have read.

THE facts of the Match are perfectly clear. On the first day in the foursomes the whole damage was done in the first nine holes of the first round. I have before me, as I write, the scores published in the American newspapers, and while I cannot agree that these are necessarily accurate—for it seems to me that, in a match, a man whose ball is lying two yards from the hole, and who sees his opponent hole out for a win, is unlikely to take the trouble or waste the time to hole out himself, and that, therefore, these cards must, of necessity, be approximate and favour the players—yet, on the other hand, they do provide interesting reading, and they do convey to one the impression that the British started very badly. It must be admitted that the Americans started well, but I have no doubt that, for some strange reason—possibly nerves—our representatives went out so tightened up that they could not possibly play their usual game, and by the time that this wore off they had hung such a millstone around their necks that the damage was done, and there was no retrieving the situation.

IT is noticeable from these scores, if they mean anything at all, that, after the first nine holes, in every case our men held their own; and as far as the singles are concerned, although the results look bad on paper, it seems that it would have taken very little to swing them the other way. The course at Brookline is a pleasant golf-course without being a great one, and I am informed that on the day the par of the course was 71, there being three short holes and two holes quite out of reach of two shots. According to the score board, Torrance did a 76 and a 72; Rex Hartley a 73 in the morning, and was left with a four for a 71 in the afternoon, when his match finished; and Lister Hartley also did a 73 in the morning, and had two fours for a 71 in the afternoon, again when his match finished. True, that was the golf of the three

(*Continued on page 104*)

Right: W. L. Hartley (Great Britain), one of the two brothers chosen to play for their country

Left: Eric McRuvie (Great Britain); Centre: Eric Fiddian (Great Britain); and, Right: T. A. Torrance (Great Britain), Captain of our Walker Cup Team

Lenare

Mrs. Richard Beville

Yevonde

Mrs. John Dewar

Tunbridge

Mrs. Michael Wardell

Two Generations

New Portraits in the "Bystander" Gallery

Above, left: Mrs. Richard Beville is with her small daughter, Glenda; she is the wife of Mr. Richard Beville, who was in the Navy and is now directing his first film at Elstree. Mr. Beville's father is Sir Francis Granville Beville, Governor-General of Central India

Above, right: Mrs. John Dewar, formerly Mrs. Kathleen McNeill, married Mr. J. A. Dewar, the late Lord Forteviot's nephew, last spring. Her daughter is Miss Barbara McNeill

Left: Mrs. Wardell is the wife of Captain Michael Wardell; their son was christened Timothy William. They live in Regent's Park

IF GOSSIP WE MUST

The P. M. and the Socialists—A Memo on Maxton—

Naval Welfare Committees—Clubs re-furbished—

A Seaside Story—Norman Forbes

Now that the season of equinoctial gales is upon us, the political world is correspondingly squally. The loudest squalls have come from the annual conference of the Socialist Party, at Leicester, a significant choice of venue, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may well consider.

Yet it is at Leicester that resolutions have been proposed to excommunicate the P.M., bell, book and candle, for ever. Since the right honourable gentleman long ago excommunicated himself from this type of Socialism, these maledictions are hardly likely to keep him awake o' nights.

But some of these northern sections of the Socialists are "a-goin' it." The Socialists of Middlesbrough, not content with a middle course, are out for abolishing the Monarchy.

Cheery comrades from Sheffield, with their eyes on Russia (which even Lord Passfield has at last declared must be an uncomfortable country in which to live), clamour for the acceptance of a "Five-Years' Plan" of their own making.

This is to involve 100 per cent. death duties on all estates over £5000, and 100 per cent. income-tax on all incomes over £2000 a year.

The instigators of this lunacy may be glad to realise that, before five months of such a plan had elapsed, the country would be in such an inglorious muddle that not a soul would have anything like a £5000 estate or £2000 a year income—if, indeed, any income at all.

This goes far beyond even Mr. Maxton, swiftly though that gentleman is swinging to the Left. At the same time, his capacity for stirring up trouble is not to be disregarded.

I find that there is a tendency to ignore Mr. Maxton's activities, because he is considered, personally, quite a good fellow (which I would not for one moment deny), because he is ingenuous, and because he is fervidly sincere.

None of these qualities lessens his danger as a political firebrand, least of all his sincerity. Most of the harm in this world has been done by utterly sincere persons whose fanaticism gives them strength and tenacity.

What does put a brake on Jimmy Maxton is not his sincerity, but the fact that he lets his heart run away with his head. As a tactician, he is not up to much.

The schism in the Socialist Party balances, to some extent, the secession of Snowden, Samuel and Co. from the Government (in which, I repeat, I do not see Sir John Simon remaining very much longer). Against a united Socialist Opposition, with Liberals either neutral or in league with Socialism, the National Government might soon find itself in Queer Street.

This does not, however, mean that care can be relaxed, or that the Government should not still be supported by all those who do not wish to see riotous public expenditure and the country brought, as happened last year, to the edge of the precipice.

Lilian Gish

The film actress, photographed at Bad Nauheim, where she is taking the well-known curative waters

Roye, Paris

Just Sonia

Just being a Christian name, and not an adverb, belonging to this English dancer who was a big success in cabaret on the Côte d'Azur last summer, for which she appears suitably clad

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 10. The Hunting Man

'OW grand it must be to jog round on a gee
And wear a red coat on yer back,
Whilst on each 'unting morn you gets out yer tin 'orn
And play pretty tunes to the pack.
Yes, I frankly admits I 'd just love to go aht
On a charger and chivvy them foxes abaht.

Tantivy! Tantivy! What-ho!
All them dogs is lined up in a row,
And I 'm sure I shall kill
At the meet on Cope's Hill,
Gee up, 'orse! No—as you were! Whoa!

Tantivy! Tantivy! 'ooray!
We 're goin' fox-'unting to-day;
I 'm all set for the fun,
And I 've loaded my gun.
Stand back there, you boys! Keep away!

'Ow fine you must feel with a spur on each 'eel,
And a shiny top 'at on your dome,
When you knocks aht your prey at the end of the day
And carries the carcase back 'ome.
Yes, I 'm balmy to make lots of points in the woods
For, believe me or not, this 'ere 'unting 's the goods!

Tantivy! Tantivy! Pip-pip!
We are off on a gay 'unting trip.
When we catch up that fox,
We won't 'arf give 'im socks,
Get a move on, you blokes! Let 'er rip!

Tantivy! Tantivy! 'Ere 's luck!
And I mean to show plenty of pluck,
But I wish to heck I 'd
Learnt the right way to ride—
If the 'orse starts to trot, I 'm unstuck! B.W.

Mr. MacDonald and his not very merry men are rather in the position of the pianist whom the audience was requested not to shoot, because he was doing his best. This shooting would inevitably be followed by a terrifying successor on the piano-stool.

WITH a very wise naval officer, until recently the commander of a big battle-cruiser, I have been discussing the question of the Welfare Committees in the Navy, which are to be abolished.

"It is time they went," he said. "They were an excuse for anyone with the gift of the gab to dodge a job of work, and they did little or nothing to alleviate genuine lower-deck grievances.

"In a properly-run ship, grievances hardly ever arise; when they do, they are dealt with justly and sympathetically. But any man can now complain to the officer of his division, and that system will continue. Failing satisfaction, he can put on his best clothes and see the Captain. Grievances can also be laid before the Admiral visiting the ship, who, if necessary, will carry them still higher up to be redressed.

"It is quite untrue to say that grievances are fostered by Communist propaganda. In not more than a negligible fraction of the service has Communist poison ever been able to take effect. And then the remedy is swift and drastic."

By Flanagan

"You say you're a widow. How long has your husband been dead?"

"Fourteen years!"

"Children of

Above are Noel Coward's "Children," as they appear in "Words and Music," at the Adelphi. This musical number has already become famous, and all nine of these theatrical children appear looking very, very pleased at its success

Fizz-ical Culture

Sidney Howard, as the butler, in "Night of the Garter," at the Strand Theatre, whose humour, like the Bollinger seen above, might be labelled "very dry"

UNMISTAKABLE are the signs of autumn. Schoolboys back at school, undergraduates back at Oxford and Cambridge, the beparagraphed back in restaurants, pheasants back on the menu, members of clubs closed for cleaning and pressing back again in their usual quarters, and losers being backed everywhere. To return to one's own club, however comfortable the premises which have offered hospitality, is a relief, even if the place does smell of paint, and if some rooms have taken on a new and unpleasing hue.

Grumblers can grumble sincerely instead of being polite about it. The club bore, refreshed after enforced silence in alien surroundings, gives tongue once more. For a few weeks he is almost interesting.

RETURNED, too, are those humble but necessary adjuncts of the British seaside resorts in the summer-time—the pierrot troupes and concert-parties. The fine weather has given them a good season.

But there have been some small set-backs. At Something-or-other-on-Sea, a few weeks ago, the oldest gentleman in captivity was wheeled, while a concert-party was functioning, right through the pier pavilion and brought to a halt, bath-chair and all, in the front row.

"What are these?" he asked his attendant, in the stentorian tones often used by the very ancient.

"These are the 'Tiddy-fol-lols'—a concert-party," was the reply.

"The what?"

"The 'Tiddy-fol-lols,' Sir."

"Oh! Then wheel me out."

the Ritz"

Sasha

Right: Basil Rathbone, who is taking the part of a King's Messenger in G-B's production, "After the Ball." This actor, well known on the stage, is also making himself famous on the films

To look round the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields during the memorial service to poor Norman Forbes was to measure the popularity of the man. Actors, actresses, musicians, writers, men-about-town, artists—they had come along by the hundred to pay the last tribute to one of the most charming fellows I ever met.

The Dean of Windsor, himself a decorative and familiar figure in the world of the theatre, told us in his address how he had dined with Mr. Forbes on the night before the fatal accident, and had found him his usual genial self. One can only hope that he did not suffer, though I fear he did.

NORMAN FORBES was not a great actor; the larger part of the histrionic ability of the family went to his elder brother, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. It is Sir Johnston, too, who has the voice—a fine resonant organ which seemed to have left but little room for Norman Forbes's rather shrill tones. But he made the most of that strange voice of his, and for certain parts, such as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, it was ideal.

But I like to think of him as a man rather than as an actor. He was a delightful companion to poke around with in antique shops or at the Caledonian Market (a favourite haunt); to go to the opera with in Paris; to visit a picture exhibition with, for he had an expert knowledge of pictures.

He was a sunny, kindly philosopher, with much of the grace and charm of a past generation and none of the egotism and narrow-mindedness of so many of those whose calling is the Stage.

THERE used to be a notion—probably it still exists—that there is nothing dishonourable in "billking" a big concern. Many people declare with pride that they have dodged their income tax, or some part of it. They even regard travelling on the railway without paying the fare, or with a third-class ticket in a first-class carriage, as something rather smart. Now, it seems, people, not by the score, but by the million, have been evading their wireless licences. This has been done, in every sense of the word, in a blatant fashion. It does not lessen one's irritation at hearing a loud-speaker bawl out jazz next door (to the detriment of the peace of a summer evening) to know that there is more than a possibility that the owner has not paid for his licence and is annoying his neighbours at a minimum cost to himself.

Basil Rathbone

A Big Step

Charlotte Greenwood, the film actress, famous, like Mistinguette, for her legs, leaving Hollywood to take up a part in "Wild Violets," the new musical comedy at Drury Lane

By Her

Connery Chappell *discusses* The Passing Picture Show

Did It Bring Them Luck?

"The Night of June 13" is the name of a new Paramount film, in which Adrianne Allen and Clive Brook play leading rôles. Adrianne Allen in private life is Mrs. Raymond Massey. Incidentally, both she and Clive Brook have been named as among the best English film love-makers now in Hollywood

ALL-BRITISH, all-talking, some singing and a little dancing make up the latest contribution to this so-so silver screen.

By all-British, with a natural thirst for the Naked Truth, we have to confess a reference to an assortment of films, two of them made by Germans, photographed by Austrians, mounted by Czechs, cut by Frenchmen, written by Greeks, and, presumably, produced under the auspices of the League of Nations. In such a manner are we acquiring the right cosmopolitan note.

These minor handicaps aside, however, the films are undeniably English, having been made on good old Elstree soil, with American and French cameras.

Mr. Alexander Korda, who has known Ufa and the other places where film is something more than a preliminary stage in the evolution of composition billiard balls, is responsible for two of them. One, *Wedding Rehearsal*, he directed. Another, *Men of To-morrow*, he supervised in the sense that he is chief of the company which made it.

IN *Men of To-morrow*, which probes the very fundamentals of eternally discontented youth, agonised by the tedious monotony of living, not to mention the blues, he has portrayed Oxford, and the second of its products, the youths who once went there.

His Oxford, an enchanting city, is the one of Anthony Gibbs, where undergraduates can glide down the Isis with the girls from the college across the way, discussing Bach and the futility of endeavour in fairly equal prods of the punt pole. Flaming Youth stuff at Christ's; whoopee at Newton. You know. Only the rowing men are naughty in their cups; an unfortunate lapse from decent English taste is responsible for our hero being sent down.

So far so good. Not until his release into a world where vowels are hard and employers harder does the youngster, commendably portrayed by Maurice Braddell, realise that Oxford is a liability and not an asset. He sinks to journalism, landing a reporter's job on a big national daily—a paper so remarkable that its editor personally assigns the reporters to their work and inhabits a palatial office more normally allotted to advertising managers. How strange! they spend £25,000 on this film, yet they cannot get their detail right.

Finally, such is the idealism of Mr. Gibbs's story, Mr. Braddell makes fame and fortune from a first novel. Hard-working scribes, please copy!

WE can forgive much. Miss Leontine Sagan, who must cordially detest being described as the woman who made *Mädchen in Uniform*, has directed the film with fine pictorial charm. Her 'Varsity atmosphere, when dealing with buildings, is lovely. The first part of the picture is glorious. Not until the story moves from Oxford, and the wicked world takes its toll of art and artistry, does Miss Sagan descend to the novelette standard.

I can but commend the work of the Misses Joan Gardner and Merle Oberon, two newcomers to stellar ranks, who perform capably both in *Men of To-morrow* and *Wedding Rehearsal*. Mr. Korda's determination to discover British "stars" has been widely publicised. He has been hailed as the eighth wonder of the world in consequence. I cannot understand this attitude. It is obviously a producer's duty to build up attractive personalities; moviedom is so conservative a world that its inmates demand their regular heroines.

It would be better if Mr. Korda gave a lead to our producers and continued making films like *Men of To-morrow*, which, to give it its due, is at least English. We have languished under compulsory litigation and other art-destroying barriers for so long that we are becoming more and more imitative.

CONSIDER the cowboy film. It dances not, neither does it sing. It is American—100 per cent. Yankee. You could not imagine the Germans making some ponderous horse-opera of subdued lighting and resourceful camera angles, nor the French turning the hard-riding stuff into a rhythmic pattern of light-hearted caper. Russia has ignored the broncho, despite the fact Eisenstein showed his appreciation of the formula in *The General Line*.

And England, which has copied most things, even Réné Clair, has so far not tried to stage a pioneering trail-blazer on Hampstead Heath. There is a lesson in this. Hollywood, however maligned, at least started off on the right lines. Its pony passion plays were essentially American. The dawn of a film intelligence was apparent in the most blatant of them. Having served its purpose, the more advanced American directors have rightly abandoned the saddled form. At its best, it was elementary.

Over here we could undoubtedly evolve a filmic form which is essentially English. The cynics may consider we have already. Luckily, the transplantation of stage comedy to the screen cannot be considered seriously. Mr. Korda, if he wishes to blaze trails other than the starry ones, can set about the evolution of a British filmic form.

IN his *Wedding Rehearsal* I am afraid we are left with nothing but the modern Hollywood formula, where studs are golden and backgrounds are gilt. The dress-shirt way, paved with sophistication and lined with glamour, is apt to tire after a time.

The Korda wit appears to have dimmed slightly in the journey across the Atlantic. Despite the efforts of Roland Young and George Grossmith there is always a suggestion of hock-and-soda about the champagne.

Clouds, Sport and the Camera

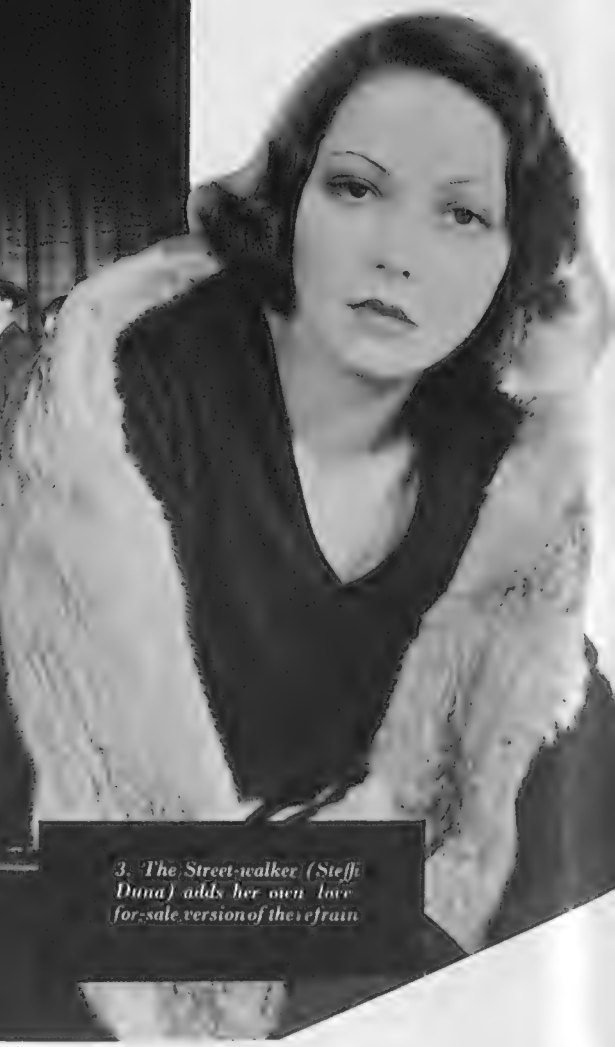
The Start: Newmarket, First October Meeting

Gleneagles Hotel Golf Course (Queen's Course): 13th green (Water Kelpie) and 14th (Witches' Bowster) tee

"MAD ABOUT

1. "The Boy's" Admirers

Prologue to the ninth number in "Words and Music": The queue outside a cinema where one of the Boy's films is showing

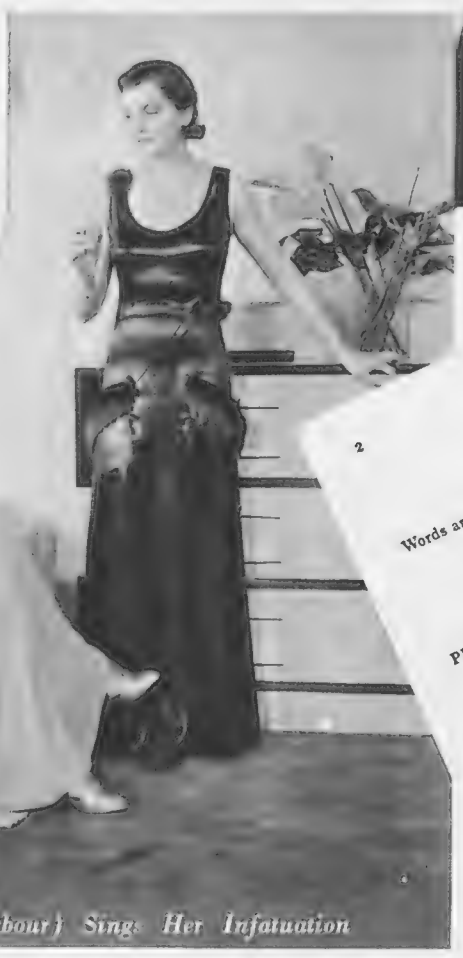


3. The Street-walker (Steffi Duna) adds her own love-for-sale version of the refrain

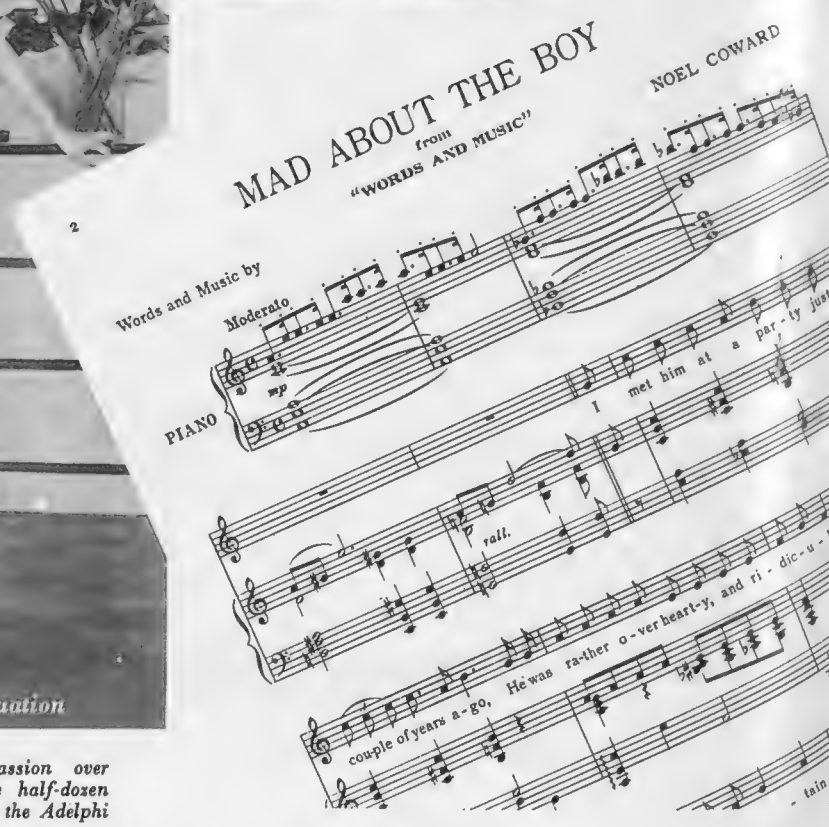
Refrain:

MAD ABOUT THE BOY

Mad about the boy!
I know it's stupid to be mad about
the boy,
I'm so ashamed of it,
But must admit
The sleepless nights I've had about
the boy.
Walking down the street,
His eyes look out at me from people
that I meet,
I can't believe it's true!
But when I'm blue,
In some strange way I'm glad about
the boy.
Lord knows I'm not a fool girl:
I really shouldn't care;
Lord knows I'm not a school girl:
In the flurry of her first affair.
If I could employ
A little magic that would finally
destroy
This dream that pains me,
And enchains me,
But I can't, because I'm mad about
the boy.

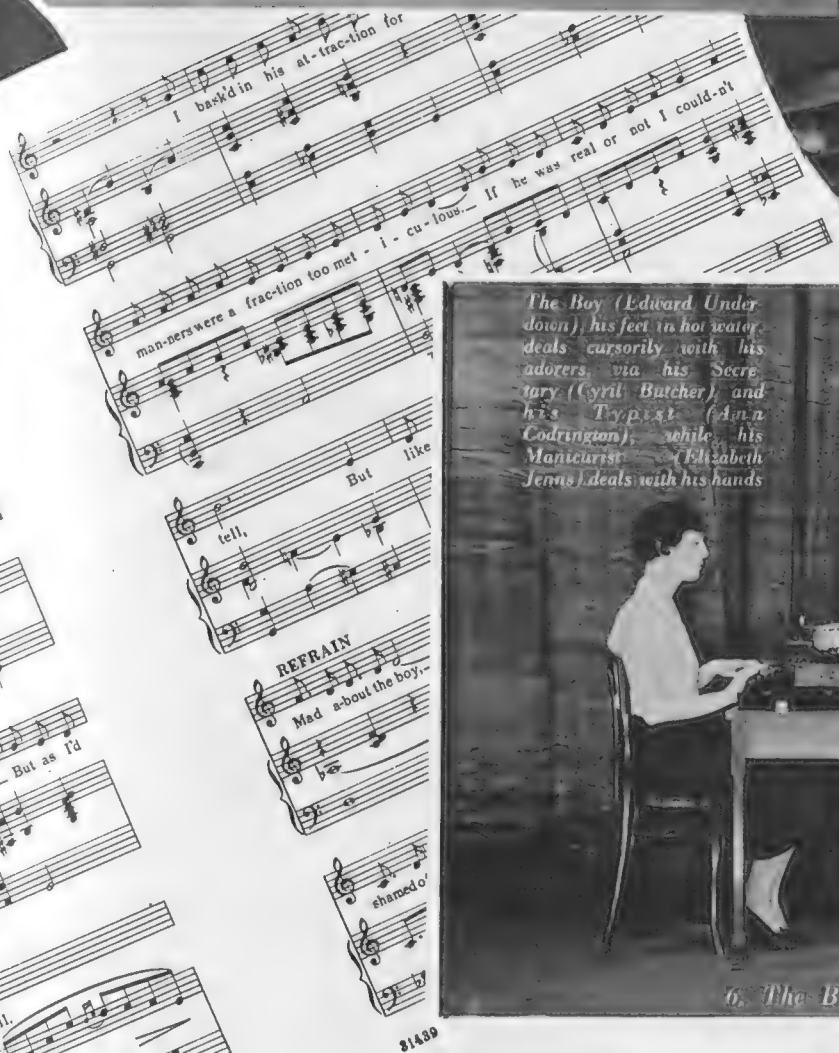


2. The Lady (Joyce Barbour) Sings Her Infatuation

The Lady, in her super-modern flat, confessing her secret passion over cocktails to her friend (Millie Sims), constitutes the first of the half-dozen episodes in this satire on film fans, in Noel Coward's brilliant revue at the Adelphi

THE BOY..."

Noel Coward has scored yet another success in "Words and Music," at the Adelphi Theatre. In this very modern revue, satire tinged with pathos is the dominant note, and this is well exemplified on these two pages, where the song scena, "Mad About the Boy," in which the revolving-stage is used for quick changes of scene, is pictured. It has been said that the British public cannot appreciate satire. This is surely disproved by the fact that "Mad About the Boy" is one of the most popular numbers in the show

4. The Servant (Doris Hare) adds her quota to the prevailing madness

5. The Schoolgirl (Nora Howard) repeats the chorus with all the enthusiasm of a film-struck flapper

The Boy (Edward Underdown), his feet in hot water, deals cursorily with his adorers, via his Secretary (Cyril Butcher), and his Typist (Ann Codrington), while his Manicurist (Elizabeth Jenns) deals with his hands

6. The Boy Himself—at his "Fan-Mail"

"Send a photograph . . . send a photograph . . . send a photograph . . ."

Above : Miss Hilary Charles, our artist's sister, and one of the most attractive of the ex-debs, is in the cast of the "After Dinner" revue which will soon be coming to London

Below : Viscountess Furness, who married Viscount Furness six years ago, brings her dark, classical beauty from across the Atlantic

Above : Lady Pamela Smith, the youngest representative of the brunettes, is by no means the least brilliant, for she has inherited her share of her family's brains and charm as well as looks

Above : Lady Lindsay-Hogg, who is a Canadian, is also Frances Doble, and under her maiden name brings the stage on to our page of Mayfair's lovely brunettes

Above : Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard has the vivid colouring and charm of the dark-haired Celt ; she and her husband usually spend a great deal of their time in Scotland and Ireland

Left : Miss Diana Mainwaring, Sir Harry and Lady Mainwaring's eldest daughter, is another brunette of the youngest set ; she is eighteen this year

PAT CHARLES.

Familiar Faces

BRILLIANT BRUNETTES—BY PAT CHARLES

Letters of a Lady Golfer

The English Championship at Ashdown Forest

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

HERE we are, feeling a little battered in the brain and very muscular about the calves, after all the excitements and the hills of Ashdown Forest, in the English Championship. The hills may have grown in the telling of them, but the thrills could not possibly do that, because we were on tenterhooks all the time. Hence the batteredness of the brain, which must be combated sufficiently to tell you what a delightful, happy Championship it has been. In theory, all championships are that; in practice, one can't help finding that there are championships and championships. But I will tell you that I have seldom enjoyed one more than this, and I believe a lot of the competitors will follow my lead in that respect.

The weather, on the whole, was so kind, and the country so lovely—I stayed at Crowborough, and the daily sunset on the way home was worth every penn'orth of petrol, even at the present awful price—and people were so kind and the golf so good, what could anybody do but take away very pleasant recollections!

I THINK it was very justly Miss Diana Fishwick's Championship. She had a pretty hard row to hoe, and she hoed with her head as well as with length, direction, clever chipping and good holing. Also a splendidly adequate heart had a good deal of say in the matter. I don't mean the mere physical thing that takes you up the hills, but the much more vital feeling in your "innards" which makes you fight an uphill battle without despondency, and rise to an emergency just because it *is* an emergency needing something extra to meet it: or, in common vulgar parlance, "guts." Miss Fishwick's golf used to seem heedless; you could not call it that now, for she thinks hard and to good effect, but it still looks amazingly simple, and how, and why, and where her length comes from I simply cannot tell you. It was a fruitful source of argument down at Ashdown; personally, I think it comes from a really ferocious hit that is only begun when the club-head is getting quite close to the ball, but some people will tell you it is because she gets the club-head moving so fast, and some because she swings it slowly, some from sound hip-work, and some from keeping her body so still. Whatever the cause, the effect is first-class, and I shall never listen again to anybody who says that Formby was a fluke and Miss Fishwick no first-class golfer. It wasn't, and she is, and the correspondence, so far as I am concerned, is now closed.

WHAT do I think of Miss Beryl Brown? Why, I am full of admiration. It is very hard to have been told persistently that, though you are a beautiful brassy player, you have very little idea how to play a mashie shot, and that though you can play beautifully when up, you have no power of fight when down. Those were the opinions Miss Brown had to battle against, and she proved that she could play a mashie shot of her own invention, not the conventional, orthodox, traditional affair, but a pitch and run which even served her well at the short sixth, the Island hole. I can't feel it 's a shot to be imitated, but there it was, time and again, on the green. In her case, the end excused, if it did not justify, the means. As for this fighting business, I never saw anybody refute it more completely. What do you think of being two down and six to go against anybody as good as Miss Sylvia Bailey, and thereupon producing a three to win the 13th—you know the hole up the hill at Ashdown that they call Apollyon?—and a two to win the next, and then, after becoming one down again at the 16th and halving 17th and 18th, winning at the 19th? That was what Miss Brown did in the semi-final, and this, mind you, after the tremendous strain and excitement of putting out Miss Gourlay in the morning. I seem to be describing this Championship backwards, but if you will ask me for my opinion of the four medallists, what can I do? Mrs. Guedalla? Why, it was a wonderful performance! I know she had the luck of the draw—the gods gave her that much—but she gave herself the good figures of her early rounds, and Miss Fishwick as sair a fricht as anybody, taking her to the 19th, and then only going down to one putt after all those adventures they both had amongst the boys, bicycles, and birches behind the green. She has lengthened, got back her game in a marvellous way, and, as always, you never can say when you 've got her beat. Miss Sylvia Bailey? She played very fine golf, splendid control of the club and a confidence and determination which were new to her and good to see. I 've told you how Miss Brown got home against her by a rare flash of brilliance; honestly, it had looked Miss Bailey's match most of the way through, and I think would often have turned the other way.

(*Continued on page* ii)

Below: Miss Beard, beaten by one hole by Miss Fishwick, who was the ultimate winner

Miss B. Brown (left), beaten by Miss Diana Fishwick (right) in the final of the English Championship

Miss S. Bailey, beaten by Miss Brown at the 19th in the semi-final

Miss Nancy Halstead, a victim in the first round to Miss Audrey Holmes

Books of the Day

Grandparents in Novels: By "Junius"

From the immense library of travel books you would think there are scarcely any places left in the world which have escaped the ubiquitous English traveller or explorer. Mr. Leonard Matters, in *Through the Kara Sea* (Hutchinson; 18*s*.), shows us we are mistaken. There is the Kara Sea to the north of Russia, in the Arctic zone, with the Yenisei River falling into it, a river which runs far into the interior of Siberia. In the last ten years the Soviet Government has created a trade route through this sea and river which is steadily growing in importance. Mr. Matters claims that he is the first English journalist and Member of Parliament to make this journey.

Under the Czarist régime, the one object of the Russian authorities was to keep Siberia a closed country, for political reasons. Any idea of approach by sea from the north was publicly discounted—the ice made it impossible. Imperial Russia insisted that the only entrance to or exit from Siberia was by road or by the Trans-Siberian Railway. The Soviets are tapping the immense resources of Siberia, especially in timber, through this sea-and-river route, although only one outward and one inward voyage are possible in the year.

In the last two years a large town, called Igarka, has sprung into existence within the Arctic Circle through the development of the Kara Sea trade route. Mr. Matters's observations there are of special interest, because they give another side to many descriptions of life under the Soviet. He tells us, "There are no churches, courthouses, prisons, or 'pubs.'" Sunday has disappeared from Russian observance, together with the week and the names of its days. The fifth day of their work is a day of rest for all workers. Since work is continuous, everybody has a different rest-day. He says, too, "the political and economic systems in force in Siberia are stabilised on the good will of the mass of the people."

Mr. Matters has written a profoundly interesting book, illuminating in its close observance and deductions, but it leaves you with the conviction that the Soviets are slowly but steadily turning human beings into labour-producing machines.

Another travel book of quite a different note is *From Piccadilly to Devil's Island* (Hutchinson; 12*s*.), by Arthur Mills, who describes himself as a professional traveller. Mr. Mills does not dip below the surface. He has wandered up and down the world and writes lightly and entertainingly of such wide-apart places as Canton and Hollywood, New York, Buenos Aires, Cochin China, Timbuctoo, and the Gold Coast, with a brief account of the tragic Devil's Island.

Miss Jane Oliver set herself a difficult task when she wrote her first novel, *To-morrow's Woods* (Collins; 7*s*. 6*d*.). The motif of her story is the love between Ann Gordon, who is nearly forty, and Toby Bethune, who is twenty-two. A delicate matter, you will admit, and one which easily might be made ridiculous or repulsive. Miss Oliver has made it deeply touching, and you accept Ann's final decision as the only one possible to a woman of her character because the young writer has created in her a vividly real and human personality. She is equally successful with the other people in her story, particularly two school-mistresses who are friends of Ann. This is a very promising first novel.

Elliott and Fry

Jane Oliver

Whose first novel, "To-morrow's Woods," is reviewed on this page

You need to know your Rabelais fully to appreciate the intention of *Trinc* (Lovat Dickson; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Francis Watson. With that knowledge you will see points in its humour and satire which, of necessity, will be no points at all to those who know nothing of Panurge, Pantagruel, Friar John, and the Abbey of Thelema.

It is a daring fantasy. The Abbey of Thelema, still existing in Touraine, with the old Rabelais characters entertaining Martin Riley, a young English architect, and Jo Garth, an American girl, who have made a sudden acquaintance in a tunnel in the Castle of Chinon. The entertaining is Rabelaisian; the conclusion of the story is Rabelaisian. The young man and young woman—especially the young woman—are astonishingly outspoken, even for modern fiction. But Mr. Watson has taken Rabelais in one hand and Pan in the other. And, between the two, where does reticence come in?

Is there a telepathy between authors, I wonder; some subtly-secret agency in the ether which suggests to different brains the same outline of plot?

Two novels bear out this impression. The first, *Greenbanks* (Murray; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Dorothy Whipple, a charmingly written story of a middle-class Lancashire family, centres round Louisa Ashton. Greenbanks is her home from the time of her marriage. There her children are born, and there they come constantly, the daughters after their marriages, and the daughters' children. Louisa, a dear, gentle creature, influences none of them, but she is a stable and unchanging figure in their changing worlds. Her inherent charity of mind is shown by her taking Kate Barlow, whose life has been ruined by an early love-affair, into her house as a companion. By one of those chances, which make so much of human history, Kate's tragedy has a most unexpected effect upon Rachel, Louisa's favourite grandchild. This grandmother is far more interesting than many young heroines of novels.

The second grandparent novel is *City Wise* (Barker; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Micheline Keating. Here we are in a very different world, and with a very different grandparent, John Storm, an American multi-millionaire. The atmosphere is exotic—riches heaped upon riches. John Storm's children do not understand their offspring, who, as they grow up, slide into any dissipation that New York provides. On the score of morality, old John Storm cannot throw stones, but he has an insight into the characters of his grandchildren which enables him to straighten out the tangles they are beginning to make of their lives. A distinctly clever novel.

You can spend a merry hour with *The Prince Who Hiccupped* (Benn; 6*s*.), by Anthony Armstrong ("A.A." of *Punch*). Here you have some of the old fairy stories passed through the happy sieve of Mr. Armstrong's wit. Perhaps the wittiest idea in the book is the Prince who, being given the time-honoured three wishes, went on wishing for three more with the last one. Mr. L. G. Illingworth's illustrations echo the author's diverting fantasies: one cannot give them higher praise.

I should advise all motorists not only to read *Steering-Wheel Papers* (Cassell; 3*s*. 6*d*.), by the Earl of Cottenham, but to keep a copy in their cars. Lord Cottenham it will be remembered, advocated speed as a prevention of accidents. No one writes on motoring with wider knowledge and experience, and this book is filled with advice and suggestions valuable to novice and expert alike.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Yevonde

MISS NINA VANNA, who has returned to England to act on the films, is, in private life, the wife of the Rumanian Consul-General in Berlin, but is Russian by birth. She is one of the most exquisitely dressed women in international circles, and the white angel-skin evening gown and sable-trimmed cape in which she is seen here is perfect in every line and detail

London

FOR a model to be labelled Matita bespeaks a certain amount of chic and the model sketched on this page is no exception to a pleasant rule. The dress is carried out in a beige material woven in a diagonal pattern, and has inset pleats let into the skirt. Its chief attraction is the short shoulder cape of dark brown velvet and the dashing gauntlet gloves of the same material. Altogether a costume to be asked for, bought, and worn

IN their reorganised model department Asprey have a number of exceptionally attractive coats which have been specially designed for them. The one on the left is conspicuous for its scarf, which is pulled through the buttoned shoulder lapels, and is patterned in red and white. The coat is carried out in a rough-surfaced navy blue woollen fabric, and ties with a belt of the material. It can be carried out in different colours

Street Scene

Autumn, 1932

A DRESS of fine jersey striped in dark green, red and white is a useful companion to a short fur coat, for it is warm and does not easily crease. This one has a red belt and a square neckline relieved by a white piqué collar and finished with red buttons. The attractive short coat is of galyac and can be obtained in dark brown or black. It has a large roll collar, shaped sleeves, and is belted at the normal waistline. Both the dress and the coat are from Russell and Allen

SHORT fur capes are much in evidence just now and accompany both our day dresses and our evening gowns. This one is made of sable-dyed squirrel and is worn over a brown velvet dress which has a high roll collar and sleeves which puff at the wrist, where they are held in by narrow cuffs. The béret is of brown felt and is trimmed on one side with a miniscule feather. This costume is a Vionnet model and may be obtained from Albert and Johnson

Shoulders and Sleeves

A LEAF-shaped raglan sleeve accentuates the shoulder-line of this striped woollen dress

A BAND of fur outlining the armhole is a method of trimming employed by many coats

(Left)

CHIFFON sleeves made of shaped sections are appliquéd in half-circles to the high yoke

A SERIES of wide tucks between shoulder and elbow give breadth to this attractive coat

A BAND of fur placed well above the elbow adds to the warmth and chic of this black coat

(Above, left)

EPAULETTES of coq's feathers are an unusual but popular trimming for evening gowns

HERE wide sleeves are joined to the shoulders by four different rows of deep scallops

Two Winter Ensembles

Yevonde

(Above)

A SHORT fitted coat of a novelty woollen material checked in black and white has wide revers lined with black. The skirt is of black tweed and the high-necked jumper of black wool. The entire three-piece costume costs £11, and the reason for its extreme inexpensiveness is that it comes from the new model department at H. J. Nicoll

(Left)

THIS cocoa-brown woollen top-coat has a comfortably large wrap-over and loose sleeves. It is lined throughout with silk and costs 8 guineas. With it is worn a matching skirt with a novel belt of plaited leather and a loosely knitted wool jumper of the same colour which has a high roll collar of the fisherman variety. H. J. Nicoll

The Conservative Club G.S. at the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club

Left to right: G. E. C. Wood, G. A. Thomas and Major A. C. Wilkinson before driving off

F. E. Janson and Brig.-Gen. W. N. Bicket in rain-defying raiment

R. Marriott and P Newman find an umbrella useful at the first tee

Seaside Meetings

The Conservative Club at Deal—Royal Artillery G.S. at Rye

Right: Col. E. M. Birch and Col. G. R. Miller

The R.A. Meeting

Above: Col. W. B. Hayley and Lieut. G. S. B. Gaffney

Right: Col. R. H. Allen and Capt. M. Carvatt waiting at the first tee

The R.A. Meeting

Above: Capt. Moxon and Lieut.-Colonel Galloway at the 10th

Left: Major-Gen. De Pree and Gen. Sir Frederick Mercer

Photos by Bertram Eary

Learn to Fly This Winter—It's Cheaper

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Royal Aeronautical Season

Of the lectures so far arranged for the first half of the session, there are four likely to be of very general interest and capable of being appreciated without much technical knowledge. The first is by Flight-Lieut. W. G. Pudney, talking on flying conditions on the West Coast of Africa, a subject about which there is very little reliable data. The lecturer took a Bluebird to the West Coast some time ago and made a special study of the country, in view of its importance to British aircraft interests. Major H. G. Travers, D.S.C., chief instructor to the London Aeroplane Club, is dealing with the problems of training civilians to fly, on Nov. 3. Air Survey will be discussed by Lieutenant J. S. A. Salt, R.E., on Dec. 8. It is probably true to say that air survey can do more to bring economic prosperity to the Empire than any other form of flying activity, because its results are of such value to every large-scale development scheme, whether it be for minerals, agriculture, irrigation, town-planning, railways, harbour works, or just for the sake of an accurate photographic map, with out which no Government or company owning land can possibly estimate its full resources. The most interesting experiment in really large machines up to the present day has been the Dornier DO.X. The designer, Dr. Dornier, will lecture on the lessons which have been learnt during the past two years, including the double Atlantic crossing and experience by the Italians with the two subsequent machines sold to their Government.

An Empire Tour for the Autogiro?

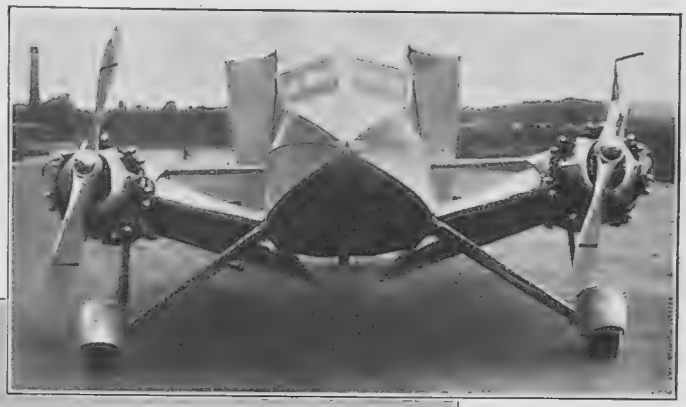
The Silver Medal of the Society has been awarded to Señor Juan de la Cierva for his contribution to knowledge by the development of the Autogiro. In its latest form, without a wing of any kind, this machine is a challenge to the orthodox types, but it must be some years before we know whether it can be flown out of a back garden, as well as into it, with safety. A long-distance flight by Autogiro is recommended to anyone wishing to escape from the present impassé which has been reached in the record-breaking business. It should prove quite a safe and a profitable adventure, for the machine has already toured in Europe and the United States, but without that publicity which seems so necessary before public recognition is secured. The flying headquarters for the Autogiro is at Hanworth.

Around the London Aerodromes

It was Sir Alan Cobham who popularised the idea that aerodromes should be associated with the civic life of the community, and, quite recently, there have been several functions attended by mayoral parties where flying and the local aerodrome have been a background for the events. The Lord Mayor of London used the Spartan Cruiser as his coach to travel from Heston to Romford, and he attended the Borough celebrations at Hendon, which were staged on the aerodrome. No part of London has a longer connection with flying than Hendon, which shared with Brooklands most of the pre-war activity in the air. The arms of the new Borough are surmounted by the wings of the Royal Air Force and by a propeller. Last Saturday was Heston's day, the Airport being thrown open to the public as part of the Borough's Royal Charter week. A display was organised especially to appeal to the schoolchildren. Henlys have arranged a motor-car service to Olympia during the Motor Show, which will be free to pilots and passengers arriving by air. Captain Percival, its designer, and several of the professional pilots at Heston have been flying the "Gull," which is considered one of the best cabin types of the day. The Monospar, belonging to Mr. Maurice Jackaman, is another machine about which one hears much favourable comment. From the beginning of the month, winter rates have been in force at Hanworth, rooms being available for club members at three guineas a week. The third Club tour will take place next week-end, the objective being Stanley Park, Blackpool.

Flying Events Farther Afield

Brooklands, with its School of Flying, its Aero Club, the Press Aero Club, and much test work in the air carried out by pilots from the Vickers and Hawker sheds, is one of the busiest places in the country. Dame Ethel Locke-King takes a keen interest in aviation, and has been making flights in the latest passenger machines for private owners. The School is working at the winter flying rates, which are a reduction of twenty per cent. from normal. Mr. Raymond Quilter, who is an expert parachutist, has been taking a course of "head in the bag," and Mr. Bartlett some advanced instruction, prior to a flight to Nyassaland. The Bristol-Cardiff air-ferry has been revived once again, this time with more chance of becoming a permanent institution, because it is operated by Norman Edgar and Company, a firm which is well established at Bristol Airport. Fox and Puss Moths are being used, with single fare at 12s. 6d. and a return for 22s. 6d. Mr. W. L. N. Cope, assistant instructor to the Bristol and Wessex Club for some time, has joined Mr. Edgar as a ferry pilot. The Danum Club at Doncaster has launched its first soloists, and is getting down to the job of making Armthorpe Aerodrome a pleasant spot for visitors by air. The site is most conveniently situated on the air route to the North of England and eastern Scotland, and will be a welcome perch for those who like a half-way house. The Hampshire Club premises at Hamble are being taken over by Air Service Training, which needs the ground for extensions. The Club is moving to Eastleigh, the airport for Southampton.



The Monospar on the tarmac at Croydon Airport. The time taken to unfold the wings, start the engines from the cockpit, and get under way is a matter only of a few minutes. The wide under-carriage, tail wheel, and the excellent view from the cabin are other points of interest for owners

The Clifton "Rugger" team at Bristol Airport just prior to a flying visit to Cardiff for their match with Glamorgan Wanderers. Seven machines were used to transport the party, the first occasion on which a full team has travelled by air

Miss Susan Noel in action against Mrs. King, by whom she was beaten, in the semi-final of the singles at the West Side Country Club at Ealing. The finals were washed out by rain

Lorna, Countess Howe, and Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Bt., at the Labrador Retriever Club's 26th Field Trials at Docking

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

FIRST, a word about boxing and, in particular, the recent fight between Larry Gains and Salvatore Ruggirello at the Albert Hall. That was a fiasco, if ever there was one, and never have I seen a first-class boxer in worse shape than Gains. It was pitiful to watch him nervously fumbling and hesitating against so crude and inept an opponent, and there have been many reasons advanced for his poor showing. Gains was unfit, the experts say: he had been troubled with boils, his training had been interrupted, and so on.

I am inclined to think, myself, that advancing years had more to do with it. Gains is not a young man, though it is difficult to tell how old he is, for these negroes are deceptive. Still, I happen to know a man who used to spar with him in Canada, and, in his opinion, Gains must be at least thirty-five. This would explain a good deal of his hesitancy against a strong youngster like Ruggirello, and it makes me wonder how long he will hold his position as Champion of the British Empire.

INCIDENTALLY, to-morrow's fight between McCorkindale and Cook was announced as a contest for the *White* heavyweight championship of the British Empire, which struck me as pretty absurd. We shall have the brown, blonde, and brunette championships next, so hard put to it are promoters in their endeavours to stir up artificial interest.

I note that those pontifical gentlemen in New York, the N.B.A. of America, have issued their list of world champions and their contenders, and it contains, as usual, one or two surprises. We find, for instance, that Kid Berg does not appear among the contenders for Tony Canzoneri's light-weight title, which is surely rather irrational, since he has thrashed both Sammy Fuller and Billy Petrolle, who are chosen by the N.B.A.

Then Jack Petersen, rather unexpectedly, is given tenth place among the contenders for the heavyweight crown—a distinction which he has not yet earned—and poor old Carnera does not appear among the heavyweights at all. In the lighter weights, England comes off quite well, for Nel Tarleton is rightly recognised as the first challenger for Tommy Paul's featherweight title, and Micky McGuire and Jackie Brown follow one another as chief contenders for the fly-weight championship held by Young Perez. This is an interesting list, though actually it does not matter a row of pins. Still, it shows the sort of name our boxers are making for themselves in America.

Gains, by the way, is shortly to meet Walter Neusel in Paris, and unless he is in much better condition he will run into a packet of trouble, for Neusel is one of the most promising young heavyweights in Europe.

AND now we come to more disturbances in the Rugby world, this time among the Hospital teams. It is said that one of the hospitals, in its endeavour to win the annual Cup Competition, place proficiency at Rugby football very high on the list of qualities necessary in scholarship candidates, and it is a fact that fourteen members of this particular hospital's team the other day were scholarship holders! Now, I don't deny that this may have been pure chance, but evidently the other hospitals think otherwise, for there is a probability that some of them may withdraw from the competition.

This sort of thing is very unfortunate, though I can understand that hospitals wish to do well in athletics, generally in order to attract the best type of student. As a matter of fact, speaking purely selfishly, I should not regret the cessation of the Hospitals Cup Competition, for it produces just about the worst Rugby football of the year. It is odd how easily Rugby football is ruined when it is played competitively; players seem to lose their heads, and brute force entirely does away with skill and science.

BUT this business of attracting athletes by scholarships is complicated. Oxford benefit greatly in the games line by their Rhodes Scholarship system, though the men who are awarded these scholarships are not merely athletes. They are, indeed, very fine all-rounders, chosen for their intelligence as much as for their prowess on the running-track or the football field, and yet Oxford are often criticised for making use of their services.

As it happens, the two leading Cambridge athletes just now are Americans—Behuke, the C.U.A.C. pole-jump record-holder, and Munroe, a quarter-miler who is credited with 49 secs. in the U.S.A. Oxford, however, have also a most formidable American coming into residence this term—N. F. Hallowelle, of Harvard, the Olympic miler. For my part, I should be glad to see all inter-'Varsity contests restricted to British-born undergraduates—and by that I mean the exclusion of Dominion students as well as Americans and other foreigners. This may be severe, but I hate to find Oxford beating Cambridge at Twickenham, let us say, with a team largely composed of Springboks and All-Blacks, with an occasional American thrown in. It was interesting to discover that at one period last winter the Oxford back division was composed of players representing seven different countries, but somehow I resented this cosmopolitan collection.

AND, talking of Oxford Rugby, I hear that Major R. V. Stanley has collected a strong committee of Old Blues to assist him in selecting the team which annually puts the 'Varsity through their paces in November. He is already very busy collecting the players, and I fancy Oxford have a severe afternoon's work ahead of them.

If Rugby football is at last getting into full stride, I suppose the professional golf season has now come to an end, and we must salute the painstaking Henry Cotton as the most formidable of our competitive players. For a year or two he has been promising great things, but somehow he has not, until recently, shown signs of the essential consistency. I fancy he has now settled down and, after his remarkable performance at Moor Park, we may expect him to put up some sort of resistance to the American challengers next summer.

I am told, by the way, that none of our lady golfers seems likely to step into the shoes of Miss Joyce Wethered or Miss Enid Wilson. Miss Diana Fishwick is blessed with an equable temperament, but she is not a genius, and Miss Doran, the Girls' Champion, does not shape like an inspired player. Still, it would be too much to hope for more than one Miss Wethered in every fifty years or so!

OCTOBER, 1932

11th to the 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Newmarket second October meeting.
Shows. Flower Show (Orchids) Horticultural Hall.

12th **Racing.** Newmarket Cesarewitch.
Hexham Steeplechases.
Fairs. "Mop" Fair, Stratford-on-Avon.
Shows. Guernsey Cattle Show and Sale, Reading.

13th **Racing.** Newmarket.
Swimming. Wandsworth S.C. Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Ladies' 100 yards.
Motoring. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia.

14th **Racing.** Newmarket, Catterick Bridge.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia.

15th **Racing.** Lingfield Park, Catterick Bridge and Wincanton Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition Olympia.
Swimming. Mermaid International Gala, Marshall Street Baths, London.
Football. Qualifying Competition F.A. Cup 2nd Round.
Hockey. Southgate v. Oxford University, Southgate. Wimbledon v. Bromley, Wimbledon. Richmond v. Spencer, Wandsworth.
Rugby. Notts., Lancs., and Derby v. Warwickshire, Beeston.

17th **Racing.** Wolverhampton. Wye Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. Textiles and Machinery Exhibition, Leicester.
Football. England v Ireland, Blackpool.

18th **Racing.** Newcastle and Wolverhampton.
Shows. National Dairy Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London. International Automobile Show, Olympia.

19th **Racing.** Sandown, Newcastle and Mallow. Cardiff Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. National Dairy Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.

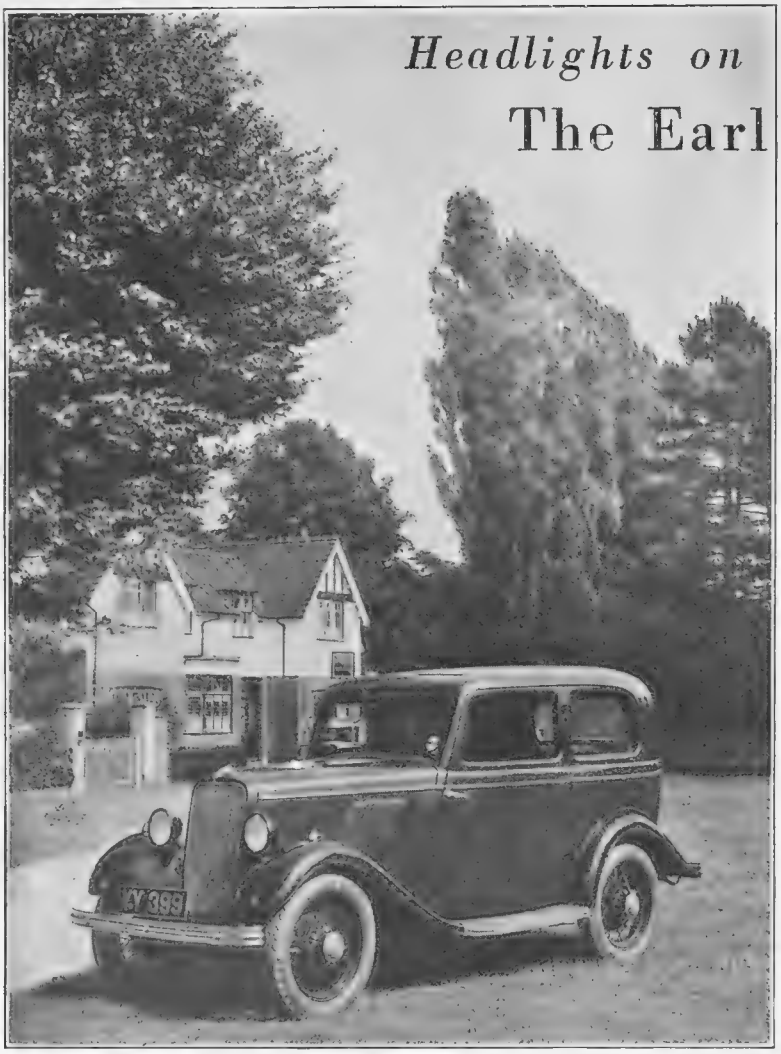
20th **Racing.** Doncaster and Dundalk. Sandown Park and Cardiff Steeplechases.
Shows. International Automobile Exhibition, Olympia. Ayrshire Cattle Show and Sale, Reading. Kilmarnock Foal, Kilmarnock.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

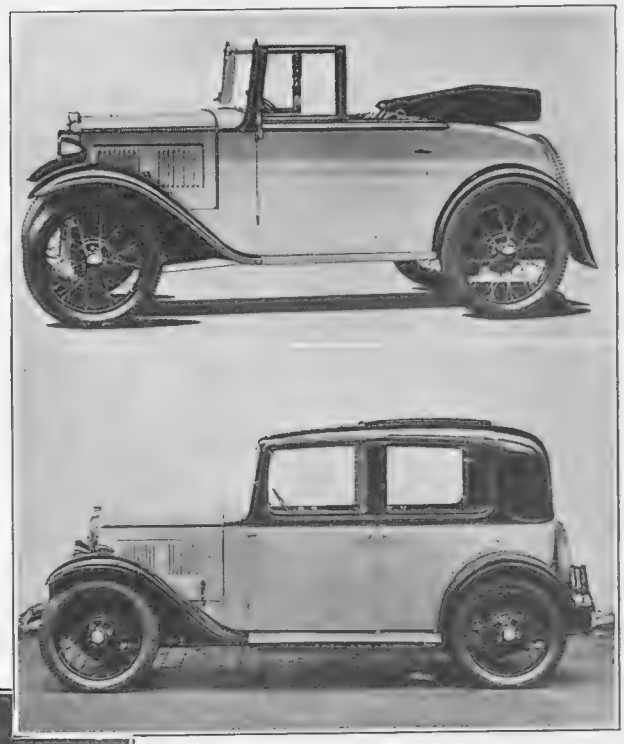
Headlights on Olympia

The Earl of Cardigan surveys The MOTOR SHOW

A Vintage Year of Progress



An interesting newcomer: The 8-h.p. Ford, certain to cause a stir in small-car circles. The "Tudor" saloon costs only £120



Austin "Infants"

Top: The immortal Austin Seven as an open two-seater. Below: Its new and larger brother, the new Austin Ten Saloon, is already a best-seller

"A STRICTLY practical Motor Show." This, I think, will be the verdict of the average man who visits Olympia this week. The general tendency, I think, is towards a rather smaller and more economical motor-car than that which has been popular during the past few years. This is not due, however, to the production of "baby" cars by the leading manufacturers, but rather to the improvements which have been made in small cars of the existing 12-h.p.-class.

Engines, needless to say, are still gaining in efficiency, so that 12 h.p. to-day is often doing the work for which 16 h.p. was required formerly, but an even greater improvement is being made in transmission systems, i.e., in the method of transmitting the power from the engine to the road wheels. The average gear-box of 1932, for instance, is a vastly superior piece of mechanism to that of 1930 or 1929.

Where modern gear-boxes differ from those in the past is that none are difficult, some are easy, while others are ridiculously simple. There are two well-known types which are completely fool-proof, and all the others have been so designed that only the minimum of skill is required to manipulate them.

Naturally enough, where greater efficiency has been obtained from the engine and gear-box, it has been a comparatively simple matter for the manufacturer to provide more spacious and luxurious coachwork. The modern light car is in no way "over-bodied" in order to carry four or even five people in comfort. It remains cheap to buy and economical to run, while offering its passengers nearly all the amenities which were formerly associated with larger and more expensive vehicles.

The windscreen of the popular Vauxhall Cadet is instantly adjustable with a simple clamping device. The woman driver will appreciate the handiness of all the controls on the centre of the steering-wheel

Two excellent examples of this tendency are provided by Humber and Hillman cars. The virtues of the larger models, such as the eight-cylinder Hillman and the Humber "Snipe," are well known, and have been appreciated by motorists for several years. I venture to predict, however, that just at the moment, and particularly at Olympia, it is the more recent and smaller models which will attract greatest attention.

The Hillman "Minx" has now been in production for some time, and has already gained a reputation for its sturdiness and lively performance on the road. Although of only 10 h.p., it has the "feel" of a much more powerful machine, and has never stinted its occupants of space. In its latest form, this must surely be one of the most roomy and comfortable of light cars.

To the Humber range has been added the

(*Continued on page 96*)

A THOROUGHBRED

A new Daimler is born. 15 hp. £450.

A new Daimler is always an event, but this is an epoch. It revises all our ideas of what money will buy. Remember, first of all it is a Daimler, every inch of it from the radiator fluting to the ribs of the petrol tank; Daimler power, Daimler design, Daimler fastidious workmanship, made in the splendid Daimler tradition. It is all that and more.

Much more. It is a Daimler fitted with the Daimler Fluid-Flywheel Self-Changing Transmission that puts it ten years ahead of everything that comes near it on the road, the new Daimler Transmission that with a single dab of the foot has put all the gear levers and clutches in the world into the museum.

The new "Fifteen" is the sister of the "Twenty" and the "Forty" and the "Fifty" and all the great Daimlers that have earned for Daimler the title of the "Car of Kings." As they are for the wealthier men, so the new "Fifteen" is for the owner-driver, the man of taste who does not want a chauffeur-driven car but must have a thoroughbred. If you don't see Daimler (Stand 33) and Lanchester (53) you will have missed the greatest features of Olympia.

Let us send you full particulars of the Daimler and Lanchester range. Write your name and address in the space below, and post to

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LTD. COVENTRY

B. 192

Daimler

for £450

Other Daimler models include

'20' *from* £725 '25' *from* £875
'40' *from* £1550 '50' *from* £1650

All fitted with the wonderful

DAIMLER FLUID-FLYWHEEL SELF-CHANGING TRANSMISSION

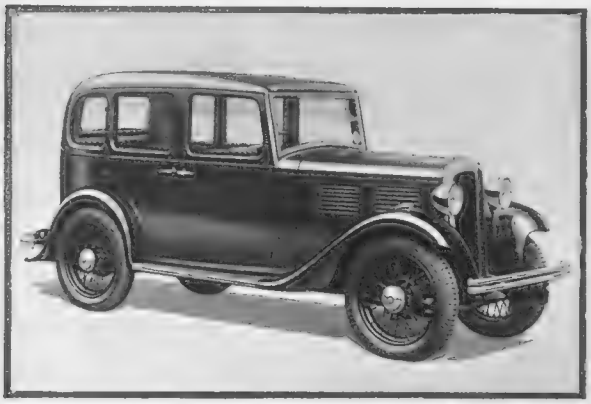
which is also available on the new

Lanchester

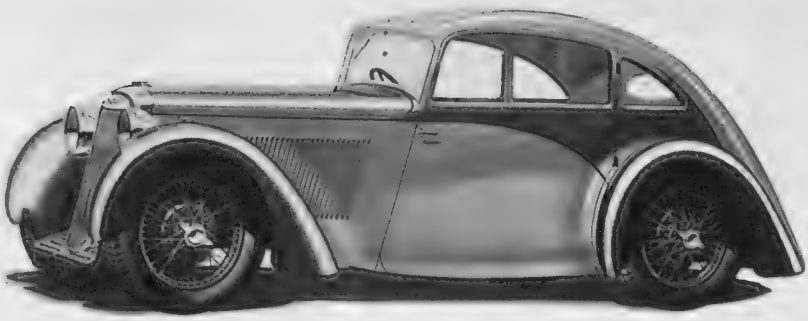
'10' *from* £315 '18' *from* £595

The Motor Show

(Continued from page 94)



This is the special, or de-luxe, version of the Standard "Little Nine" saloon, price £174. The slightly less luxurious model costs £15 less



The low-built Hillman "Aero" Minx, two-three-seater saloon at £245 has ultra-modern lines all its own, as will be noted above

new 12-h.p. model. This has a four-cylinder engine, and should be an admirable example of the small "four," which seems to be coming back into favour at the expense of the diminutive "six." Certainly it is one of the new cars which I shall make a point of examining.

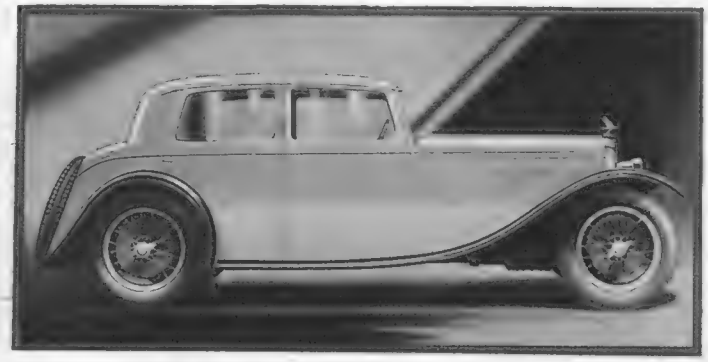
WHERE small cars are concerned, there are few more interesting than the 8-h.p. Ford. It is an unusual thing for the Ford Company to produce anything of less than, say, 20 h.p., and the fact that they have done so in this case proves that they have recognised a genuine demand for smaller and more economical types. The small Ford, in spite of its tiny power unit, is capable of a very vigorous road performance, and, needless to add, is extremely reasonable in price.

No one, however, should miss seeing the new "V-8" Ford of 30 h.p. This is a car which is truly remarkable for its tremendous power output. It has the performance of a sports model; yet it is a typical Ford product, with all the originality in design and construction which this implies. An exceptionally high power-weight ratio is, of course, its outstanding quality.

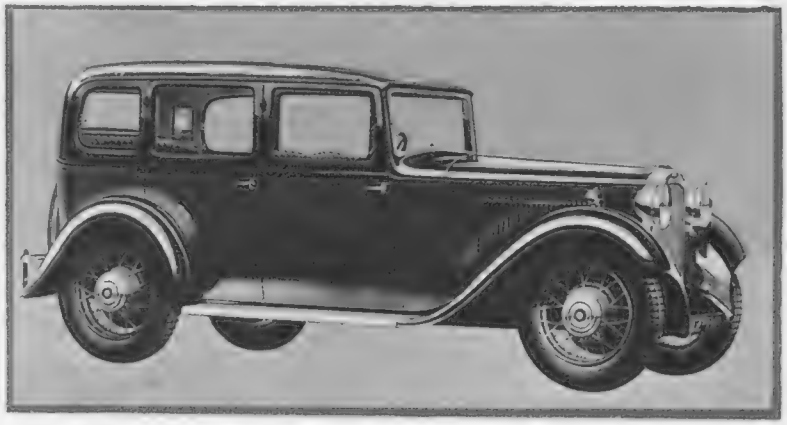
A CAR which in every way exemplifies the new type which is so much in demand at the moment is to be seen in the Austin range. This is the "Twelve-Four," which has a highly efficient four-cylinder engine, combined with a four-speed gear-box. There can be no doubt that model will be one of the notable successes of the Show, for it has just those virtues of roominess, economy and liveliness which are most keenly sought for.

The ever-popular "Seven," however, will no doubt continue to claim its fair share of attention, particularly this year, when certain alterations have been made in its design. The most important of these is the fitting of a four-, in place of the former three-speed gear-box. Good as the performance of this little car has always been, this improved gear-box will assuredly make it even better, especially in hilly country districts.

The Rolls-Royce Stand is always a magnet. The car illustrated is a very attractive Foursome Coupé built on the new 20-25-h.p. chassis



The new "Firefly" Saloon (£495) upholds the Alvis Company's reputation in the four-cylinder field



The 12-h.p. four-cylinder class having returned to favour, this new Humber "Twelve" at £265, which combines economy with quality, is assured a big sale. It is a roomy and exceedingly comfortable car

ON the Vauxhall Stand, the centre of attraction will no doubt be the latest version of the highly successful "Cadet" model. This was the first car in this country to fit the "synchro-mesh" type of gear-box, and this innovation proved successful from the first. There is no gear-box more simple to use, and therefore more efficient in the hands of the ordinary driver.

Although its price is extremely moderate, this is in every respect a full-sized motor-car, seating five people without difficulty. It has a fair turn of speed and, what is more important nowadays, a big reserve of power, which is available for hill climbing and acceleration. These qualities must always appeal strongly to the "family" motorist.

RILEY cars are always interesting, since they are invariably good-looking and possess a really sporting turn of speed. Improvements have been made to the well-known 9-h.p. model, so that this car is likely to increase still further the success which it has gained for this enterprising firm.

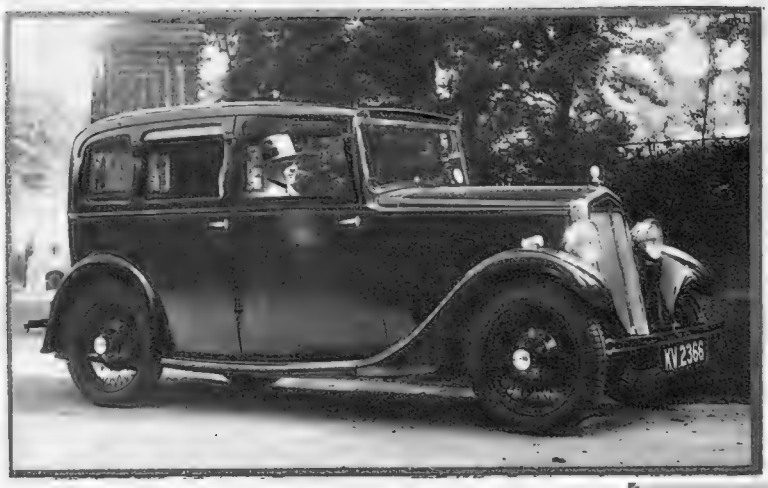
A very attractive new model, known as the "Six-Twelve," is also sure of a good reception. This is, of course, a slightly bigger car, and possesses all those additional smooth-running qualities which a six-cylinder engine implies. Speedy as they are on the road, Riley cars have always displayed the more homely qualities of comfort and ease of handling, and these features will no doubt be accentuated in the new small "Six."

SIMPLIFIED control is achieved by many of the new cars to be seen at Olympia, and an outstanding example of this is to be seen on the Daimler Stand. Modern Daimler cars not only possess a gear-box which is absolutely foolproof, but also a highly interesting device known as a "fluid fly-wheel." Those who are not familiar with this development should

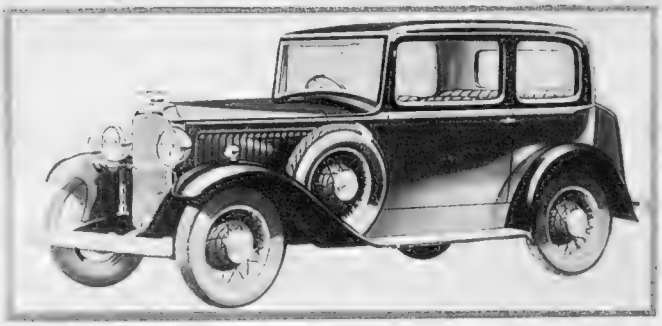
(Continued on page 98)

I've been helping Betty choose a car, because she thought my experience would be useful. And it's lucky I did go, because she really had no idea. First she wanted a **red** *one, if you please! Why, she'd have to dye her hair before she went near the thing! Then she wanted one with a horn that went dee da doo daw, but I told her everyone would accuse her of copying the Higgs girl. Anyhow, in the end we found one with the sweetest little Sambo who winked when you opened the make-up case. So Betty bought it. And then I explained to her how you look after a car to make it last a long time. At least, I told her to be sure to use Castrol, which everyone says is the most important thing of all.*

OLYMPIA
MOTOR SHOW
CASTROL
STAND
428
GRAND HALL
GALLERY



The Lanchester "Ten," with its successful "fool-proof" gear control, is already much talked about. The saloon is attractively priced at £315



A Vauxhall Cadet 4-light coupé with sliding-roof, built on identical lines with the 2-light coupé, but with two additonal windows. This type is priced at £295

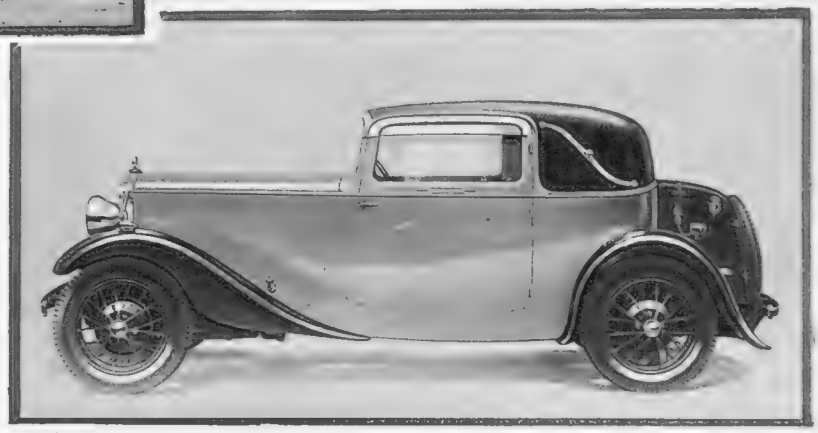
The Motor Show *(Continued from page 96)*

certainly take the opportunity of studying it, for the fluid fly-wheel car makes it impossible for the most inefficient driver to stall his engine or do any mechanical damage whatsoever. With its sleeve-valve engine and this form of transmission, the new Daimler is unsurpassed in its effortless smooth running.

THIS same transmission is fitted also to the Lanchester, and is one of the many attractions of the new 10-h.p. model of this famous make. This new small car is extremely roomy for its size, and completes a range of Lanchester and Daimler models which now extends from 10 to 50 h.p.

THE Rolls-Royce Stand, of course, is a never-failing source of interest, and here again the 1932 Show will see an improvement in transmission. Both the 40-50-h.p. and 25-h.p. models are now fitted with gears of the "synchro-mesh" type—a fact which will be appreciated by prospective owners who do not depend upon a chauffeur. The Rolls-Royce Company evidently does not intend to be behind-hand in catering for the owner-driver.

Curiously enough, although its former gear-box was a perfectly straightforward one, the Rolls-Royce was previously not a very easy car in which to obtain accurate gear changes. This was due to the engine's amazing silence and freedom from vibration, which would sometimes mystify the inexperienced driver. The new gears, therefore, should be a genuine asset.



An interesting new Daimler, the "Fifteen," makes its appearance for 1933. The Sports Coupé illustrated costs £465

The Chrysler "Richmond" four-door Saloon is an attractive proposition at £435, with its excellent performance and design

FEW firms have made such immense progress in the past few years as the Standard Company, and the new Standard cars are, therefore, well worth studying. An attractive new model is a 12-h.p. "Six," fitted with a four-speed gear-box. This, like the popular 9-h.p. model, is built in two sizes, so that the purchaser may make his choice of "big twelve" or "little twelve." This is an excellent system, since it enables the firm to satisfy both those who seek compactness and those who demand space and comfort.

As for the performance of Standard cars on the road, this is vouched for by the use of the larger chassis for several of the "special sports models" which enterprising firms have recently produced. Many of these special productions are highly attractive in appearance, and possess a real turn of speed.

WHERE comfort combined with a really good road performance is desired, the Chrysler is a car which at once commends itself. The latest models are distinctly handsome and imposing, and a great variety of styles are available. The 20-h.p. Chrysler engine is noted for its

(Continued on page 100)

Riley owners especially will be greatly intrigued by the new "Six-Twelve" which comes between the famous "Nine" and the "Alpine" Six. Above is the "Mentone" Saloon, price £338, the lines of which bear resemblance to brother "Nine"

ROLLS-ROYCE

40/50 H.P. 20/25 H.P.

NO OTHER CAR HAS ALL ROLLS-ROYCE QUALITIES

It is not built primarily for speed, but to be the smoothest, the most silent, the most flexible and the most comfortable car AT ALL SPEEDS.

IT IS THE MOST DURABLE CAR EVER BUILT

It is built to last a great many years and to maintain ALL ITS QUALITIES during its lifetime. Thus it is AN ECONOMY.

IT EMBODIES ALL EXPERIENCE GAINED WITH EARLIER CLASSIC MODELS

The Rolls-Royce Co. have specialised in the manufacture of cars of the highest class and quality for the last 28 years.

QUITE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL CAR TO DRIVE

It is as suitable for strenuous long distance work at high average speeds, as for town work and shopping. NO CAR GLIDES ABOUT IN CONGESTED TRAFFIC WITH SUCH EFFORTLESS EASE AS A ROLLS-ROYCE.

ROLLS-ROYCE SERVICE IS A MODEL OF ORGANISATION

It has the best service organisation at home AND ABROAD. Rolls-Royce service is obtainable in France, Spain, Germany Switzerland, Canada, U.S.A., India, Australia, etc. Rolls-Royce service in the British Isles is recognised by owners as being unique.

These are some of the reasons why the Rolls-Royce is

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

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Chrysler's !

FLOATING POWER wipes out vibration and reduces wear to a fraction.

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AUTOMATIC CLUTCH permits you to drive without ever touching the clutch.

Chrysler's !

Free Wheel *saves petrol* without loss of performance even on the cheapest grades of spirit.

Chrysler's !

Easy Change Gear-Box makes gear changing effortless, smooth and silent and gear crashing an impossibility.

Chryslers !

are the ONLY cars which incorporate ALL these outstanding improvements PLUS PROVED DEPENDABILITY. Chrysler owners are satisfied owners. Ask them.

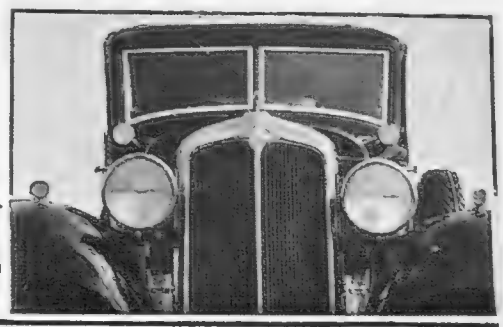
SALOON PRICES FROM

19.8 'Mortlake' 6 £379. 19.8 'Richmond' 6 £425. 25.3 'Kingston' 6 £475. 32 h.p. 'Hurlingham' 8 £795.

Chrysler Motors Limited, Mortlake Road, Kew, Surrey.

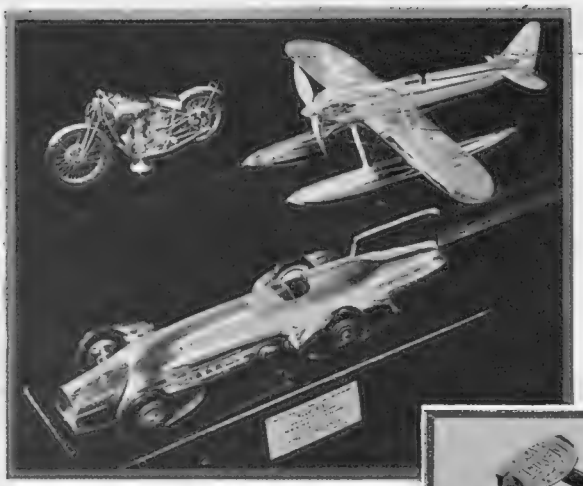
Phone: Prospect 3456.

OLYMPIA Stand 22



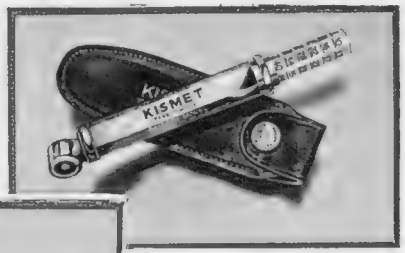
The Motor Show

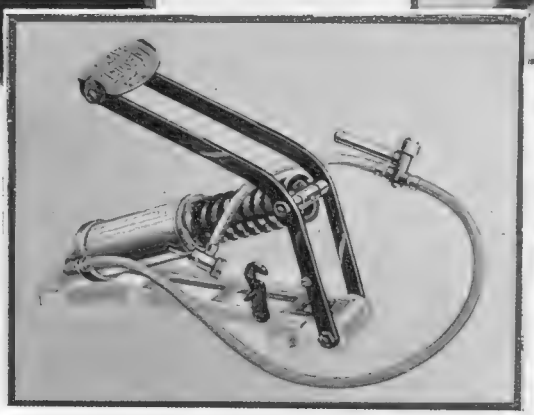
(Continued from page 98)



Silver models of Sir Malcolm Campbell's Blue Bird, Flight-Lieut. Stainforth's seaplane, and a victorious motor-cycle in the Isle of Man and elsewhere, which performed their feats on Pratts petrol. These models are on view at the stand of the Anglo-American Oil Co. Ltd.

Below: a "Kismet" tyre-tester, which is a model of accuracy and efficiency. Centre: the Duplex foot-pump, with double-cylinder compression, quick in action, complete, and unbreakable. Messrs. William Turner and Bro. Ltd., Sheffield, are the manufacturers of both



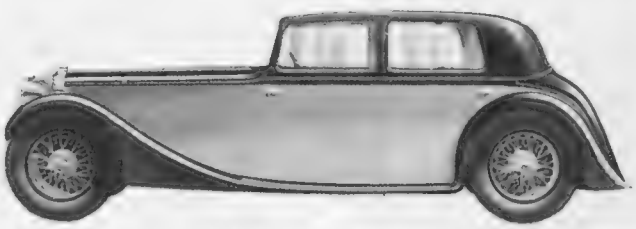


efficiency, so that, even where large and luxurious seven-seater coach work is fitted, the car is still able to give a good account of itself on the road, particularly in regard to acceleration and power on hills.

THE Alvis Stand is likely to be more than ever an attraction to those who appreciate cars of the sporting or semi-sporting type. The "Speed Twenty" model, recently produced, has already achieved enviable success. Although very fast, this, like all Alvis cars, is thoroughly docile and comfortable, so that its appeal is by no means confined to the out and-out enthusiasts. Of more general interest, perhaps, is the new 12-h.p. Alvis "Firefly." This car is the lineal descendant of the original 12-h.p. Alvis, with which the firm first made its mark in motoring. It has an exceedingly lively four-cylinder engine, is capable of really fine performance on the road, and yet is a strictly practical model which is not lacking in any aspect of comfort or convenience.

"My Lady of Olympia" framed by a Dunlop reinforced tyre, and holding in her hand a miniature type of the same famous make

ALVIS



See the 1933 ALVIS Models at OLYMPIA, Stand 56, Main Hall

"Firefly Twelve" from £455

"Silver Eagle" from £695

"Speed Twenty" from £695

Genius of design, fine workmanship, and beauty of appearance, have made ALVIS famous throughout the world. Choose an ALVIS, each Model the leader of its class.

ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO. LTD. COVENTRY

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H.P

CLOCKS FOR SPORTSMEN

engraved after designs by LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

Here are illustrated two of the Lionel Edwards clocks, than which there is no more suitable gift for the hunting man. On the beautifully silvered face of each is engraved, in absolute facsimile, a signed drawing by the most famous of modern sporting artists.

In polished frames of walnut or antique mahogany, 12 ins. high, £12. 12. 0

Sold exclusively at The Sporting Gallery, where clocks after several designs by Lionel Edwards can be seen, as well as many other unique and novel gifts for Sportsmen.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON

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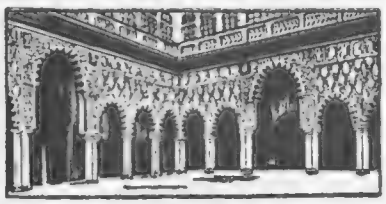

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SPAIN—its history so rich in events during past times has left its traces up to our days... in architecture, in the people's habits and dress . . .

The sea surrounding Spain on practically all sides has made the country an easy victim to conquerors—Phenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths. Arabs have been enticed by its wealth and fertile soil. A great many things still bear witness to these invasions . . .

A trip to Spain is rich in impressions and happenings—You will never forget it.

Communications in modern Spain are convenient—hotels are famous for their comfort and catering . . : you can get everywhere French cuisine besides the excellent Spanish cookery. And you will find it quite inexpensive to travel in Spain.

●

Ask for information from the nearest travelling bureau or directly from Patronato Nacional del Turismo (Spanish State Tourist Department), Madrid (Medinaceli, 2) and Paris (Boulevard de la Madeleine, 12).

"What an easy car to drive!"

THIS "silky-performance" car just *makes* you drive well. In the Vauxhall Cadet, every gear-change is faultless, for you have Synchro-Mesh gears, with a Silent Second. Steering, acceleration, braking—all these demand a minimum attention; you can concentrate on the road all the time.

The exceptionally fine performance of the 1933 Cadet is due in part to the improved carburation, which gives more miles to the gallon and smoother acceleration. The aristocratic appearance of the car owes much to the improved body lines and the distinctive flutes, now bright chromium.

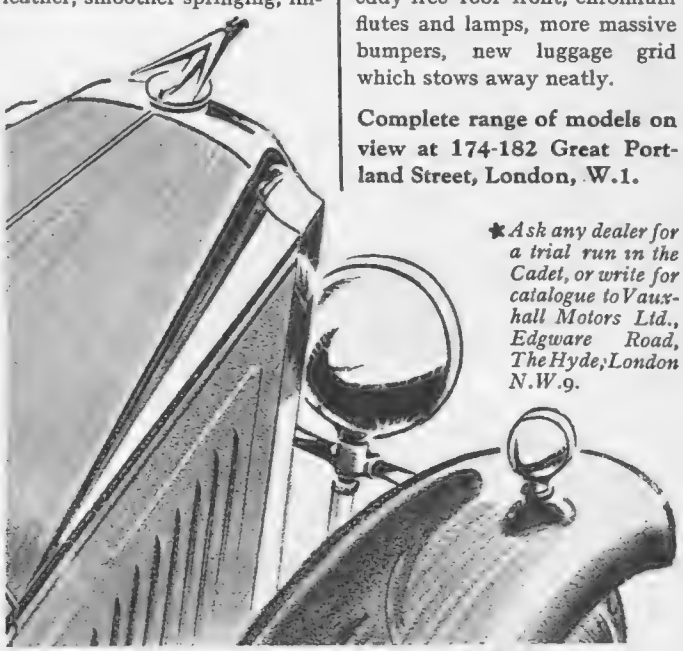
Note these 1933 features:

PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.



* *Ask any dealer for a trial run in the Cadet, or write for catalogue to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London N.W.9.*

4-door Saloon, with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. All prices ex Works.

SYNCHRO MESH
FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

See the 1933

VAUXHALL CADET

At Olympia—Stand No. 28

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

Dogs I Hate: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IF I headed this article, "Why I Hate Dogs," the Editor would be bombarded with a thousand letters demanding my instant dismissal; assassins would probably lurk outside my garden gate, ready to annihilate me; and my post would be full of missives breathing rage and scorn. That dimly hints at what Britons feel when anybody maligns their god, the dog. However, if I did write such an article with such a heading, it would be incorrect, because it isn't the dogs I hate, it 's their owners—at least, the owners of dogs who have never learned the meaning of the word "Don't."

NOT so long ago I went to stay for the week-end with a nice kind couple who, thank Heaven! are childless. If they weren't, I am sure their offspring would turn into gunmen, because the dear little things would never be checked, as it would be considered to be "only their fun."

I arrived, tidily dressed, and as I got out of the car I was greeted tempestuously by a cocker, an Airedale, and an Alsatian. You know just how one feels when you are not certain that your hostess is not observing you out of a window. So I patted them with one hand, and managed to do a little footwork unobserved. However, that didn't deter them much, and my blue skirt soon looked perfect, what with hairs and paw-marks. They escorted me into the house, and I put up with them, because, after all, I do like dogs, and the brutes know it. But after I have been introduced to them, I expect a little quiet and calm. Did I get it? No!

WE sat down to tea, and the cocker tried to get into my lap, the Airedale put his paw on my arm, and the Alsatian stuck his nose into my plate. "Naughty, naughty dogs!" scolded my hostess, "How do you know that Auntie likes you?" "Auntie" simply hated them, but she had to put a good face on it. Then I was shown my room, quite a nice room if it hadn't been covered with dogs' hairs all over the carpet. The cocker leapt on to the bed, but this was too much for me. I yanked him off, whereupon his mistress gave me a look of loathing, and I realised that I had done the wrong thing.

I SUPPOSE I continued to do the wrong thing during my visit, if turning the Airedale out of my room when it arrived with the early-morning tea is wrong, or smacking the Alsatian when it jumped up on me.

BUT if these things annoyed me, who am, after all, a dog-lover, think how they must infuriate somebody who does not really like dogs, or else is indifferent to them. I am not surprised that people write passionate letters to the papers denouncing dogs. It doesn't make the animals themselves any happier. If a dog has got its own bed, why should it jump on yours? If it has its own food, why should it stick its nose into your plate? Not to make it happier. Simply and entirely because its owner finds less trouble to say nothing than to insist upon decent behaviour. To my mind, a dog should (provided it is well, and also properly exercised) lie on its couch in a corner, out of the way, unless it is specially invited to come and talk. Beds and chairs should be taboo, and it should respect you, as you respect it.

In fact, I like dogs to be dogs, not nuisances.

The Most Popular Breed in England

Five thousand five hundred and seventy entries were received for the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace, and cocker spaniels topped the list with three hundred and thirty-four. Above are two magnificent specimens of the breed, Ch. Lucky Star of Ware (right), and Ch. Whoopee of Ware

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"THE MILKY WAY."

A Savonaceous Solution to Another Beauty Problem.

A MODERN wit, with a somewhat extensive knowledge of the ways of women at their toilet-tables, once described the lovely users of innumerable face lotions as "the great unwashed." It is quite true that many women who take the greatest care of their complexions have an almost superstitious dread of soap and water where their faces are concerned. The reason for this is undoubtedly that they have never discovered the perfect complexion soap, which must be not only a thorough cleansing agent, but also bland, emollient, a nutrient, and absolutely pure.

Many soaps contain caustic potash or soda, strong alcoholic perfumes and other ingredients and "make-weights," which are definitely harmful to the skin, leaving it dry, harsh, irritable, and encouraging the formation of wrinkles.

The virtue of milk as a "beautifier" is an age-old secret. In the distant past, Egyptian princesses bathed in asses' milk to preserve their youth and beauty. All through the ages milk has figured in beauty ritual and preparations. Our mothers, grandmothers, and country

cousins believed in its efficacy. There is a story about a society girl, famous for her complexion and her tiny waist, who fainted at a hunt ball: while one assiduous first-aider cut her corset laces, another sprinkled water on her face, whereupon there was a piercing scream from her mother, who cried: "No, no; *not water on her face!* She has always laved in milk!"

ACTUALLY, modern science has proved the efficacy of milk. Not only is the natural cream it contains nourishing, soothing and cleansing to the skin, but lactic acid has a stimulating and tonic effect, which keeps it fine and clear. And the latest evolution of this age-old beauty secret, confirmed by modern experiment, is the production of a pure milk soap for the complexion, which has all the virtues of fresh milk combined with savonaceous cleansing properties.

When one considers that the average woman washes her hands something over a thousand times in a year, the production of a soap which will keep the skin soft and fine is indeed an achievement, and this milk soap can be used on the most sensitive complexion without fear of disastrous consequences. It leaves the skin feeling cool, fresh and soft.

IN these days, when we are all patriotically inclined to favour British products, when they are good, it is gratifying to know that this valuable toilet adjunct is the result of English experimental science, and comes from the English firm of John Dew Ltd., 180, New Bond Street.

Owing to the large and growing demand for John Dew's Milk Soap by those who value their complexions and like to keep their hands white and smooth, it is now stocked by all the large stores and high-class chemists, so that it is quite easy to put its properties to practical proof.

The best biscuits for all dogs . . .

Spillers

SHAPES

Crunchy, irresistible little dog biscuits in four shapes and four natural flavours—Ginger, Fruit, Wheatmeal and Super. Dogs of every age and breed love them!

In packets and bags, 5d. and 1/- and in larger sizes. Also loose by the pound. These prices do not apply to the I.F.S.

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BEAUTIFUL BUST NOW!!

and yet she was flat-chested only five weeks before, and her figure so ugly to look at! What was her secret? Quite simple indeed! She just wrote, as every reader of THE BYSTANDER can do to-day, to Mme. HELENE DUROY, the famous PARISIAN BEAUTY EXPERT, the sole inventor of the world-renowned

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for strengthening the bust, and the
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for developing the bust.

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"4711"
Genuine Eau de Cologne.
In convenient sizes for every purpose and at a wide range of prices from 2/6 to 52/6. The original shape at 4/9 and 8/9 and the small 'watch shape' for the handbag at 2/6, are illustrated.

"4711"
Toiletries.
"4711" Vanishing Cream (Matt-Creme) in tubes 1/- or jars 2/-. "4711" Cold Cream in tubes 1/- or jars at 10½d., 1/6 and 2/6. Sample tubes 6d.

These prices may vary in the Irish Free State

No. 4711. Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

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LOOK IN THE GLASS

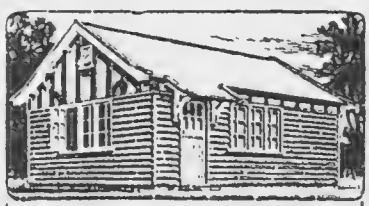
and reflect whether your hair is as nice as you would wish it to be. You can have lovely hair by applying a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL to the scalp every day, rubbing it well into the roots; this will promote the growth, keep your hair in perfect condition and impart to it a beautiful glossiness.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **3/6, 7/-** and **10/6**. 'Red' for dark hair: 'golden' for fair or grey hair. Made in England.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is a choice blending of specially selected ingredients and has been made from the original recipe since 1793.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22, LAYSTALL STREET,
ROSEBERY AVENUE, E.C.1.



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QUALIFIED practitioner for Chiropody, each foot, **3/6.** Foot Massage for strengthening weak arteries, correcting bunions, etc., from 5/-. Immediate attendance or appointment. Advice free.

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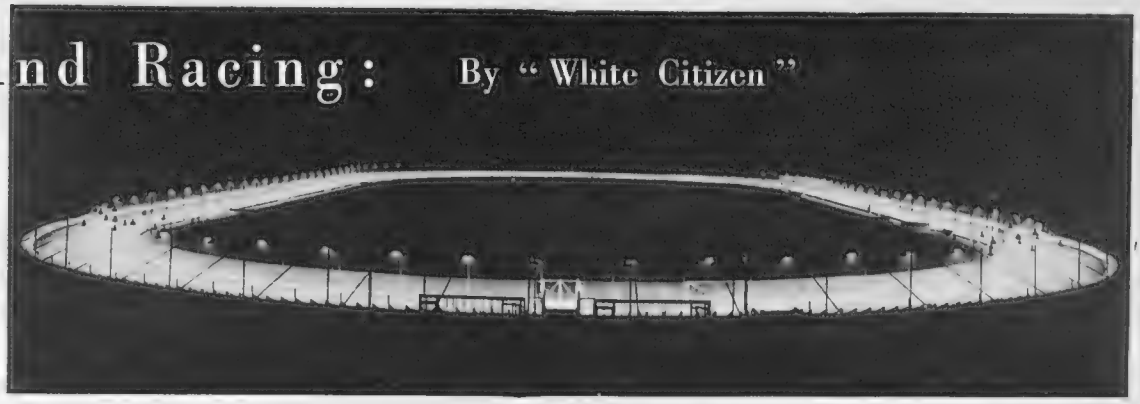
Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"



The new system of lighting at the White City arranged to illuminate the track brightly, while not causing eye-strain to the spectators

FOLLOWERS of greyhound racing at the White City will have noticed that, since Tuesday, Oct. 4, the system of lighting operating on the track has been altered. They will also, no doubt, have come to appreciate the difference which this has made, for now there is a very great improvement in visibility, not merely to the spectator who arrives at the White City at night in order to watch the greyhounds race, but also to the spectator who may go to the White City on the many other occasions in the year when the Stadium is used for other sports.

THIS new system of lighting is, to say the least of it, revolutionary in character, for, instead of the existing three lights per span, suspended from overhead wires all round the track, there is now only one, and this is suspended from an inclined pole over the centre of the track; in other words, one lamp now operates where a short time ago it was found necessary to have three. The new lighting units, which were designed and manufactured by the General Electric Company, Limited, have a very definite angle of cut-off so arranged that the whole track has the lighting concentrated directly on to it, with no spill either on to the Hare Control Housing or through the rails on to the inside of the track. And this is so done that there is a complete absence of visible light in the eyes of the spectators.

IT may be interesting to note that there is a big saving not only in lighting units, but in the cost of lighting in this new system, for instead of three units, totalling 1100 watts, or one and one-tenth units of electricity per span, there is now only one lamp consuming 1000 watts, or one unit per span, which is a saving of 10 per cent. in current consumption. This much is actually saved, and yet the extraordinary fact to the unelectrically-minded person remains that the lighting on the track is increased by as much as 20 per cent., because all of it is directed on to the track itself. White Citizens will have noticed that the grass actually looks much greener, and that there is no light shining in their eyes. Spectators only see the dogs—guided by a line along the inside rails, brighter and whiter than ever before—racing in the light that is pouring down by the new system overhead, and all this comes from 97 reflectors over the entire track instead of 294. Greyhound racing enthusiasts will, no doubt, be quick to notice what a transformation this has effected. There are now no more wires overhead. Three reflectors have been replaced by one, yet the light is one-fifth greater, and the consumption of current is one-tenth less.

THIS new lighting installed at the White City has unquestionably set a new standard for the lighting of all sports tracks, and credit for this must be given to General Critchley, to Colonel Webber, and to Mr. Quincy, the electrical engineer at the White City, who are responsible for having achieved such a revolutionary change. But those who go to greyhound race meetings at the White City are not the only people who are going to benefit from this change. The Stadium, as I have said, is used for many other sports, for football, for boxing and athletic meetings of all sorts, and spectators will now find that they suffer no annoyance from the greyhound lights. They will now be able to have an undisturbed view of everything that may be going on, for these lights can be lowered on their standards so that they are not in the line of view from the stands.

"The Whole Story" of the Walker Cup *(Continued from page 73)*

who played best on our side, but it reads like pretty good golf to me. If the Americans can beat this, all good health to them; they thoroughly deserved their win.

THERE is one piece of criticism which I think it is fair to make, and that is that John de Forest should never have been played in the foursomes. I am at a loss to understand why he was played in them when he could so well, in view of his position as British Amateur Champion, have been played top in the singles and thus allowed all the other British players to go down one and have an easier match. And there is no question either that he might well have won his singles match, played top or bottom, for John de Forest is capable of beating anyone.

THE question now arises as to how we can best derive benefit from our failure. America has one priceless asset for the Walker Cup, and that is that she has every year a handful of young first-class golfers at her disposal. As against that, we in Britain do not generally play our best golf until we are at least in our late twenties, and by this time we have played sufficient golf to have lost for ever that inestimable advantage which, for want of a better description, one must call "a boy's ignorant confidence." Now, quite recently, those of you who read me regularly will remember that I made a savage attack on the Boys' Championship. Well, I am not prepared to take back a single word of what I said, but I do think it only fair to give the other point of view. There is no doubt about it that, if we want to win this match, we have got to make what has hitherto been a game into something which is a good deal more serious. A famous golfer once said to me that, of his wife, his work, and his golf, the last was by far the hardest mistress. And, from the point of view of winning the Walker Cup Match, that is the attitude which must be adopted. I am not prepared to give a definite opinion one way or the other as to whether I think this is worth while, but I will give Lister Hartley's own words upon the subject.

HE says quite frankly that golf is not taught in our Universities. He remarks that it is nearly always discouraged at our public schools. He says that the average young British golfer goes to his University, having only played golf during his holidays from school, and that at his University he gets little or no facilities for obtaining first-class coaching. The result, he says, can be seen in the really lamentable form shown by the great majority of the players in our Oxford and Cambridge teams, whose methods are, on the whole, even worse than their results. As against that, he says that every year in America there is a handful of collegiate golfers of the highest class, both in methods and results, and that these young players are still brimful of that sublime and inevitable confidence born of ignorance of golf's scurvy tricks. They are, therefore, magnificently brave golfers. Lister Hartley rather pathetically goes on to say that we have all been brave golfers once, but that, unfortunately in Great Britain, we do not play well early enough to be brave golfers and first-class golfers at the same time, for there is a great difference between a veteran's dour courage and a youth's daring bravado.

THE first suggestion that he makes, therefore, is that, in order to improve British amateur golf, golf coaches must be installed at our Universities, just as cricket coaches are engaged, and that golf should be allowed and, where possible, encouraged at our public schools. What he is getting at is that, in his belief, we must play golf *better* when we are very young. As a second suggestion he proposes that bogey be forgotten, and that par be substituted. He states as a reason for this that he is absolutely confident that bogey makes us self-consciously satisfied with too low a standard, and tends to make us over pleased with our good rounds, and certainly comforts us in our mediocrity. And, thirdly, he says that we must become medal-minded. American golfers, he states, good, bad, and indifferent, hole out their putts and carry cards and pencils with them always: thus when Smith beats Jones he cannot in the glow of victory kid himself that he has done so wonderfully well if his score in black and white tells him that he was eight over par, although his handicap is perhaps scratch. And, lastly, he suggests that our amateurs should compete more often on level terms with our professionals. In America there are countless competitions every year where this practice is followed. The amateur, quite apart from learning how better to execute his strokes, is being brought to aim at the higher standard of the professionals. In this country there are only one or two events annually where our amateurs have this advantage, and Lister Hartley thinks it would be an inestimable advantage if more competitions could be organised on the lines of the Surrey Open Championship.

I HAVE given Lister Hartley's view-point fairly fully because I firmly believe that there is a great deal in what he says. If the Walker Cup is sufficiently important, nationally, for us to try to win it, then I do think that he has probably hit on the best ways of giving us the best chance. G.F.

First-round congratulations at Roehampton: Miss M. V. Skinner (Wimbledon), Miss R. V. Tyler (Leicester), Mrs. Kenneth Allen and Miss Salmon (Apsley Guise)

Above: Miss D. Rowand Harker (Royal Ashdown Forest) driving from the 1st tee

Right: Playing the first hole, Miss Norwood (Roehampton), Miss Nicholson (Veterans), Miss Joan Goslet, and Miss Bernard Bearman (Stanmore)

The backmarkers: Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Drysdale (Barnhurst) pointing out the green to their opponents, Mrs. Humphreys Owen and Mrs. Vansittart (Mid-Surrey), who defeated them by 2 holes in the first round

"The Bystander"

Autumn Foursomes

Some Competitors at Roehampton

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 61)

THEY looked like a lot of Weary Willies—perhaps because their boy friends had not asked them out to luncheon that day. (The girls who work in the big establishments are given tea for nothing, but if they lunch with the firm their salaries are docked, and as they are only paid three pounds a week, this makes a hole in it.) The fact remains that they were extremely listless, lazy, and incompetent.

LAST week the Trocadero celebrated its thirty-sixth anniversary with a "Trocabaret" which recalled the time before it was a restaurant, and was a music-hall where all the famous artistes of the past used to perform. The Coldstream Guards band played the popular songs of those far-off days, and Tom Stuart gave imitations of the old singers, such as Leo Stormont, Herbert Campbell, Arthur Roberts, who really ought to have been present, but he does not go out much nowadays, Eugene Stratton, Sims Reeves, and others, while Meurice, who, as usual, acted as compère, gave us his idea of how the famous Fragson sang.

Navana

Mrs. Jack Brandon

Who has been doing her autumn shopping, and got this attractive coat and skirt of grey fancy hopsack, with krimmer lamb cuffs and revers, from Marshall and Snelgrove

Bertram Park

Miss Myrtle Van de Weyer is the eldest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, and a niece of Lord Powerscourt. She is engaged to Mr. L. I. T. Whitaker of the Rifle Brigade

ONE notable old-timer was, however, forgotten. This was the American, R. G. Knowles, who made his first appearance at the Trocadero and quickly won fame on this side. "Tableau-vivant, there's a picture for you" was one of his songs which achieved sufficient fame for small boys to whistle it in the street. Such honour is seldom accorded to tunes nowadays.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the September Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely — 18 and under in the Silver division. 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss Jean Burles	Aberdovey	86	16	70	78	8 below
Miss Beryl Pockett	Worthing	87	17	70	78	8 "
Mrs. Ethel Schofield	Halifax Bradley Hall	81	16	65	73	8 "
Miss Dona Elsworth	Ashton-in-Makerfield	79	14	65	72	7 "
Miss M. Couzens	North Worcestershire	84	18	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Ian Munro-Mackay	Harrogate	85	18	67	74	7 "
Mrs. V. Killin	Brent Valley	82	15	67	73	6 "
Mrs. Paton	Bishop's Stortford	87	18	69	74	5 "
Miss V. Bush	Highcliffe Castle	77	13	64	69	5 "
Miss V. Butt	Hockley	85	18	67	72	5 "
Miss C. E. Bowen	Frilford Heath	83	13	70	75	5 "
Mrs. T. M. Graham	Cheadle	77	13	64	68	4 "
Mrs. M. Wilkinson	Northenden	87	16	71	75	4 "
Mrs. M. E. Whitfield	Gt. Yarmouth & Caister	87	17	70	74	4 "
Miss Margaret Gibson	Oakdale	79	7	72	76	4 "
Mrs. S. Gibson	Oakdale	86	14	72	76	4 "
Miss Mary Moore	Stratford-on-Avon	82	11	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Fisher-Lyon	Chorlton-cum-Hardy	82	13	69	73	4 "
Miss Elsie A. Lawrenson	Hillside	85	15	70	74	4 "
Mrs. John Fraser	North Hants	76	4	72	75	3 "
Miss T. Brown	Thonock	85	18	67	70	3 "
Miss M. M. Frame	Hamilton	90	14	76	79	3 "
Miss H. Frost	Sandwell Park	82	12	70	73	3 "
Miss N. K. Meadows	Cheadle	81	16	65	68	3 "
Miss M. A. Carter	Bexhill	81	12	69	72	3 "
Miss L. Birkett	Trentham	81	8	73	75	2 "
Mrs. R. A. Yonge	Chislehurst	74	5	69	71	2 "
Miss H. L. Palmes	Camberley Heath	77	4	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Clement	Ringway	72	Scr.	72	74	2 "
Miss M. Dixon	Saltburn	81	13	68	70	2 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Miss M. Wilson	Prenton	92	32	60	73	13 below
Miss Pamela Hunter	Stoke Poges	85	20	65	78	13 "
Miss Ruth Brown	Chislehurst	82	24	58	71	13 "
Mrs. H. G. Boyes Watson	Thorpe Hall	97	35	62	75	13 "
Mrs. Butler	Brent Valley	99	36	63	73	10 "
Miss Bunny Mayne	Ashford Manor	102	36	66	76	10 "
Mrs. M. Monsey	Cleethorpes	99	36	63	72	9 "
Mrs. J. Smith	Bramall Park	88	23	65	74	9 "
Miss Violet Gilliver	Frilford Heath	91	25	66	75	9 "
Miss Margaret J. Dutton	Haydock Park	94	30	64	73	9 "
Miss D. Fryer	Harton Moor	85	22	63	72	9 "
Mrs. Frank Boyden	Tollygunge (India)	101	36	65	73	8 "
Mrs. L. Lewty	Bishop's Stortford	91	25	66	74	8 "
Miss J. L. Hall	Leek	88	23	65	73	8 "
Mrs. V. Whyte	Ealing	101	36	65	73	8 "
Mrs. Watts	Macclesfield	88	21	67	74	7 "
Miss E. M. Rice	Erewash Valley	101	34	67	74	7 "
Mrs. E. Marks	Gosforth	95	27	68	75	7 "
Miss G. Earnshaw	Ashton-under-Lyne	90	26	64	71	7 "
Miss F. L. Atkins	Wollaton Park	92	25	67	74	7 "
Miss I. M. Harper	Welshpool	88	19	69	75	6 "
Mrs. S. Townshend	West Middlesex	95	27	68	74	6 "
Miss Lane	Buxton and High Peak	104	36	68	73	5 "
Miss Edna Chivers	Worsley	105	36	69	74	5 "
Mrs. H. Wood	Ringway	101	32	69	74	5 "
Miss Diana Cumberlege	Ashford Manor	92	20	72	77	5 "
Mrs. F. W. Brammer	Greenway Hall	88	23	65	70	5 "
Miss O. Colthurst	North Hants	98	28	70	75	5 "
Miss Sheila Trevor-Roper	Ainmouth	97	25	72	77	5 "
Miss Margaret Barber	Stafford Castle	87	19	68	72	4 "

"THE BYSTANDER" Club COMPETITION

Result of the September Monthly Club Competition

Club	Member-ship.	No. of Cards	Per-centage.	Club	Member-ship.	No. of Cards	Per-centage.
Thonock	80	108	180.00	Hockley	80	4	5.00
Tamworth	77	70	100.00	Ashford Manor	98	4	4.08
Langholm	68	48	75.88	Kingsthorpe	87	3	3.44
Cowes	58	10	17.26	Sandwell Park	90	3	3.33

Results of the Leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club	Per-centage	Club	Per-centage
Langholm	77.76	Nuneaton	12.22
Tamworth	69.95	La Moye	4.03
Thonock	69.80	Kingsthorpe	2.29
Cowes	18.32	Tollygunge (India)	2.03

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

"THE BYSTANDER" congratulates the following players on holing in one:—

Mrs. W. W. Lawley 4th at Sandwell Park
Miss Winifred Brown 5th at Old Manchester
Miss Elsie Fisher 4th at Workington

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

Letters of a Lady Golfer

The English Championship

(Continued from page 83)

I SEEM to be describing players to you, and not the play. It comes to the same thing, though, doesn't it, golf being the amazingly personal business it is. Another player who seemed to me a bit unlucky to lose was Miss Mary Beard. She had conquered the Diana Fishwick complex of Girl Championship days, and had the lead of her at first, turned two down, got one up, then missed a short putt to make it two up, after which Miss Fishwick holed off her ball, dead stymied her within three feet of the hole, and beat her on the last green by holing a chip for a three, Miss Beard's chip to halve going in and coming out again. Those were two of the amazing shots of the week; so were Miss Morgan's out of the burn at the 6th, where she was ankle-deep in water, and her subsequent putt holed against Miss Gourlay. One is always sorry to see the holder beaten, but Miss Gourlay played the more finished and confident golf, and deserved her win. It was stout work, after beating Miss Garnham in the morning. All this was good golf and great figures. When it came to the prize-giving, Mr. Darsie Watson, captain of the club, who was officiating in place of Lord Donoughmore, said how struck he had been with the high standard of golf. "There have been cows on the course," he said, "and dogs, but at any rate, there have been no rabbits. We shan't see any of them till the men get back there next week."

Could you want a prettier compliment? Nor could you have wanted a more perfect-in-every-way little speech than that made by Mrs. Hodson, the Chairman of the L.G.U. I have never heard a better, nor one so sympathetically received. It is good, isn't it? to hear that the Sussex County Ladies' Golf Association are going to set about establishing a Technical Institute in Forest Row in memory of Mrs. Olaf Hambro. I think a great many golfers outside the Association will want to join in that.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME OCCASIONAL SUPPER DISHES

Lobster Pilau

CUT 2 oz. of butter into a saucepan, and stir into it three-quarters of a cupful of well-washed rice; cook slowly, stirring constantly till the rice is yellow. Add a little salt and pepper, and a cupful or so of boiling water; cover and cook gently, adding from time to time a little more boiling water, but no more than the rice can absorb. Stir gently with a fork. When the rice is tender, in about twenty minutes, add the lobster, which has been cut up and sprinkled with one tablespoonful of lemon-juice and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir very carefully, and when it is thoroughly hot, serve at once. Brown bread and butter should be handed with this dish.

Shrimps à la Newburg

MELT 2 oz. of butter and mix with 1 oz. of flour in a saucepan; add about a quarter of a pint of cream, stir until it thickens, then add the picked shrimps, three tablespoonsful of sherry, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for two minutes, stir in two well-beaten eggs, and when the sauce is creamy, the dish is ready to serve.

Kidneys à la Maréchale

FRY four slices of bacon in a pan. Chop one dessert-spoonful of parsley, and add it with four large mushrooms, 1 oz. of butter, pepper and salt. When sufficiently cooked, remove the kidneys and bacon, and put in a dish in the oven to keep hot. Stir two tablespoonsful of stock or tomato sauce into the mushrooms, and when well-heated, pour over the kidneys and bacon.

Calf's Liver Ragoût

FRY some liver and cut it into half-inch squares. For the sauce, put 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour in a saucepan, and stir until well-blended and brown, and then pour in one cupful of stock and stir till boiling. Add a little colouring, season with salt and pepper, and add one tablespoonful of Worcester sauce. Put in the liver, add a dozen olives, which must be seasoned and chopped fine. Cook gently for half an hour, and serve with fried potatoes.

Cheese Fondue

STIR a breakfast-cupful of breadcrumbs into a cupful of boiling milk, add 1 oz. of butter, a little salt and cayenne, and a ¼-lb. of grated cheese. Stir this well together, then remove from the fire, and add the yolks and whites of three eggs, beaten separately. Bake for twenty minutes in a buttered dish.

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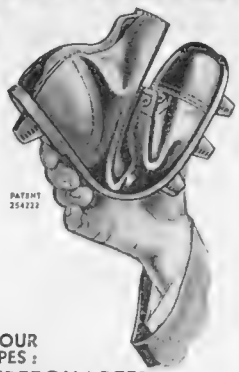

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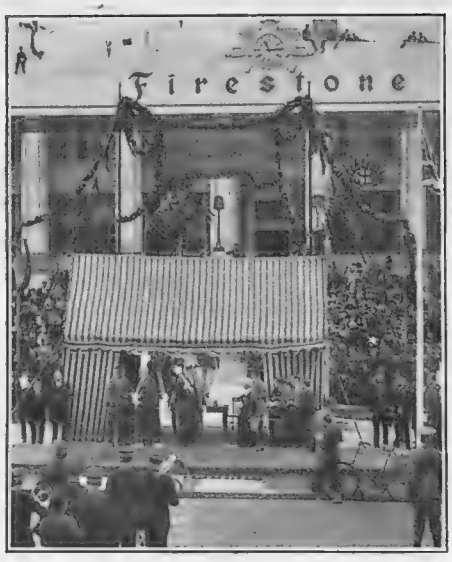

A Royal Charter

A scene on the boundary of the new Borough of Heston and Isleworth when the Duke of Gloucester arrived with the Royal Charter declaring a borough, which he presented to Mr. H. J. Nias, the Charter Mayor

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——*Monte Carlo by Moonlight*

Monte Carlo by Night, and——

These two photographs were taken by H.I.H. the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia. The one above, showing the lighting effects at Monte Carlo, was taken before the rise of the moon. That on the left was secured two hours later, and the detail in the latter photograph gives some idea of the strength of the moonlight at this favoured resort. "Night as bright as day" appears to be the literal truth on the Côte D'Azur

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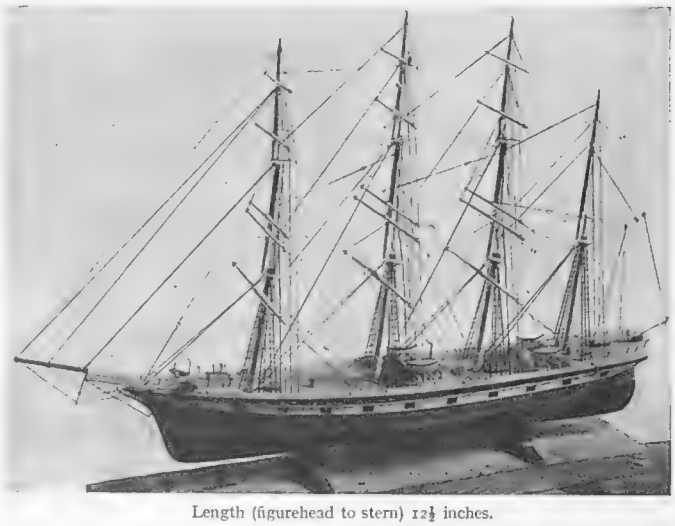

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The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

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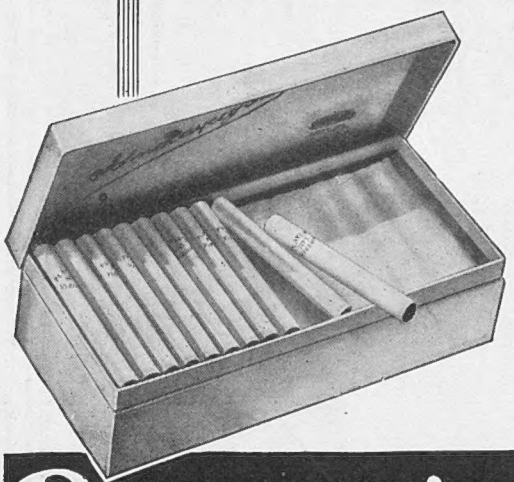

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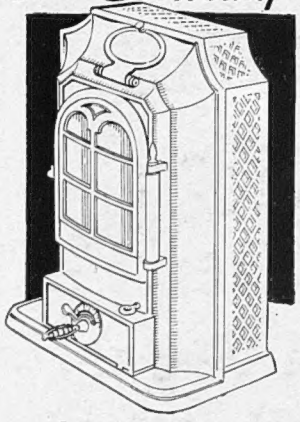

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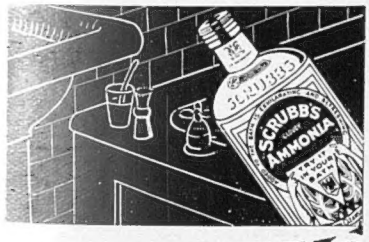

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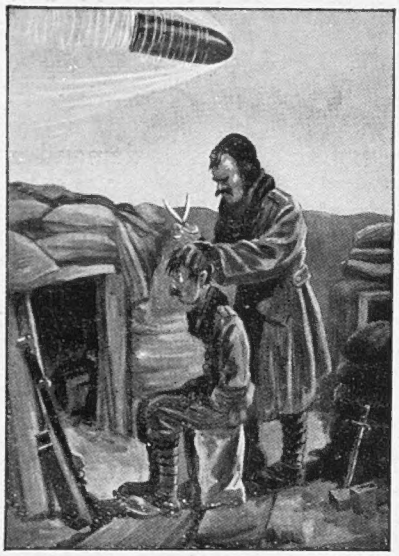

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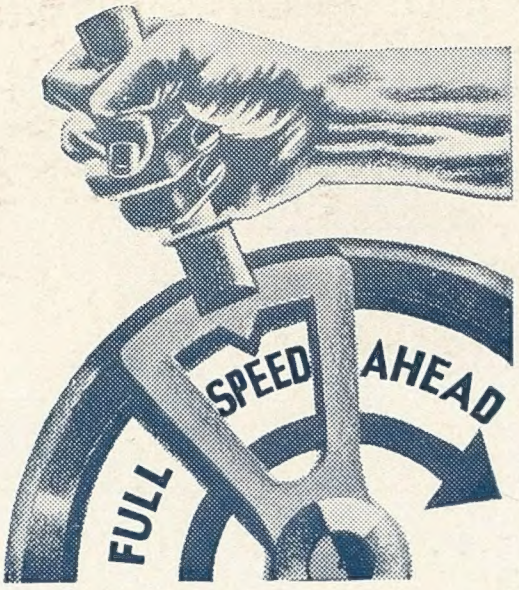

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